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No. 1138.

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KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON.—

THEOLOGICAL DEPARTMENT.—This Department will RE-OPEN on FRIDAY, October 5, 1849. Candidates for admission, not being Associates of King's College, or Graduates of Oxford, Cambridge, and Durham, must present themselves for examination at half-past Ten o'clock on WEDNESDAY, Oct. 3.

Printed forms of application (which should be sent in a week previously to the Examination) and the Prospectus, containing all information as to the course of study and expense, may be obtained at the Secretary's Office.

August 7, 1849. R. W. JELF, D.D., Principal.

KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON.—

DEPARTMENT OF GENERAL LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.—THE COURSES OF LECTURES in this Department, including Divinity, Mathematics, Classics, English Literature, as well as the Hebrew, Oriental, and Modern Languages, will RE-OPEN on WEDNESDAY, October 3, on which day all Students are required to attend Chapel.

New Students must enter on Tuesday, October 2.

Two Scholarships of 20*l.* each, for three years, and two of 20*l.* each, for two years, will be filled up at Easter next.

Full information upon every subject may be obtained at the Secretary's Office.

August 7, 1849. R. W. JELF, D.D., Principal.

KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON.—

DEPARTMENT OF THE APPLIED SCIENCES.—The CLASSES in this Department, including Divinity, Mathematics, Natural Philosophy, Surveying, Architecture, Manufacturing Art and Machinery, Geometrical Drawing, Chemistry, Mineralogy, and Engineering Workshop, will RE-OPEN on WEDNESDAY, October 3, on which day all Students are required to attend Chapel.

New Students must enter on Tuesday, October 2.

One Scholarship of 20*l.*, and one of 20*l.* each, tenable for two years, will be filled up at Easter next.

Full information upon every subject may be obtained at the Secretary's Office.

August 7, 1849. R. W. JELF, D.D., Principal.

KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON.—MEDICAL

DEPARTMENT.—The WINTER SESSION 1849-50 will COMMENCE on MONDAY, October 1, on which day all Students are expected to attend the Introductory Lecture, by Dr. Farr, at Ten o'clock.

The following Courses of Lectures will be given during the Session:

ANATOMY, Descriptive and Surgical.—Prof. Richard Partridge, F.R.S. Demonstrators, W. Brinley, M.B., and Henry Brinley, F.R.S.

PHYSIOLOGY AND GENERAL MORBID ANATOMY.—Prof. R. Todd, M.D. F.R.S., and W. Bowman, F.R.S.

CHEMISTRY, Theoretical and Practical.—Prof. W. A. Miller, F.R.S.

PRINCIPLES AND PRACTICE OF MEDICINE.—Prof. George Hodge, M.D. F.R.S.

PHYSICS AND PRACTICE OF SURGERY.—Prof. William Ferguson, F.R.S.E.

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Full particulars upon every subject may be obtained from Prof. W. M.D. Dean of the Department; or upon application at the Secretary's Office.

August 7, 1849. R. W. JELF, D.D., Principal.

KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON.—MILITARY

DEPARTMENT.—The CLASSES in this Department, including Divinity, Latin, Ancient and Modern History and Geography, Mathematics and Arithmetic, English Composition, French and German, Military Tactics, Fencing, and Military Drawing, will RE-OPEN on WEDNESDAY, October 3, on which day all Students are required to attend Chapel.

New Students must enter on Tuesday, October 2, and must be above the age of 15.

The Oriental Languages may be learnt by those intended for the service of the Hon. East India Company.

Full information upon every subject may be obtained at the Secretary's Office.

August 7, 1849. R. W. JELF, D.D., Principal.

KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON.—

THE SCHOOL.—THE NEXT TERM will COMMENCE on TUESDAY, September 18, 1849, when New Pupils will be admitted.

All Pupils are required to attend Chapel on this day.

Two Scholarships of 30*l.* each, for three years; two of 20*l.*, one of 10*l.*, and one of 5*l.*, will be filled up at Easter next.

Full information upon every subject may be obtained at the Secretary's Office.

August 7, 1849. R. W. JELF, D.D., Principal.

A VACANCY having occurred in the

ASSISTANT-MASTERSHIP of the NORMAL SCHOOL in the ROYAL MILITARY ASYLUM, CHELSEA, the Secretary of War will receive applications from Candidates for the above situation, which should be addressed to him at the War Office, on or before the 30th inst.

The Assistant Master must be qualified to conduct, under the Head Master, the instruction of the Students in the Normal School in Religious Knowledge, the English Language, History, Mathematics, the Elements of Mechanics and Surveying, the Theory of the Steam-engine, and the first rudiments of Military Construction, Geography, and the Use of the Globes. He must possess qualities of fitness to develop and regulate the domestic and moral features of a School in which Masters are to be trained for the Army.

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War Office, August 1, 1849.

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Further particulars may be obtained at the Office of the College.

CHAS. C. ATKINSON, Secretary to the Council.

The College Lectures in the Classes of the Faculty of Medicine commence on the 1st of October; those on the Faculty of Arts on the 15th of October.

15th August, 1849.

HYDE PARK COLLEGE, for LADIES.—

THE COURSES OF LECTURES commenced on the 30th of July. Terms for Resident and Daily Pupils to be learned at the College. Ladies attending the Lectures only pay a fee of One Guinea per Course.—Address Mrs. KELSO, 62, Oxford-terrace.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY of LONDON.

Somerset House.—The Office of ASSISTANT SECRETARY to the Society being VACANT, by the appointment of Mr. Nicol to the Professorship of Geology in one of the Irish Colleges, the Council are desirous of filling up the appointment without loss of time. Amongst the essential qualifications are literary habits, considerable geological information, and the knowledge of foreign languages. Applications for the vacant office should be addressed to the Secretaries, at the Apartments of the Geological Society, Somerset House.

BRITISH ASSOCIATION for the ADVANCE-

MENT OF SCIENCE.—THE NEXT MEETING will be held at BIRMINGHAM, and will commence on WEDNESDAY, the 13th of SEPTEMBER.

JOHN TAYLOR, F.R.S. General Treasurer.

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Birmingham, August 15, 1849.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 18, 1849.

REVIEWS

The Fifteenth Report of the Commissioners of National Education in Ireland. Dublin, Thom.

Ninth Report of the Church Education Society for Ireland. Dublin, Bull.

The Policy of a Separate Grant for Education in Ireland considered, &c. By T. S. Townsend, D.D. Dublin, Hodges & Co.

A Review of Dr. Townsend's 'Remarks on the Policy of a Separate Grant to the Church Education Society.' By Charles King Irwin, A.M. Hodges & Co.

The National Educational controversy in Ireland is now well nigh exhausted. Still, as the question has been lately re-opened in Parliament, and a greater stress than usual has been laid on their own claims by the party opposed to the National system, we take occasion to offer a few remarks on the subject.

The rule which we have proposed to ourselves in the conduct of this journal excludes polemics purely as such. It is, however, scarcely necessary to add, that when by mishap they are found to cohere with any of the proper objects of the *Athenæum*, and hence to affect the interests of knowledge generally, we recognize the obligation to discuss the concrete question. Such, unfortunately, is the case as regards national education in Ireland—and there is both a deep moral and a flagrant paradox in the fact: hence as this is a theme including our whole programme—Literature, Science, and Art—we feel it our duty to briefly register our opinions upon it. These, however, shall be for the most part confined to the present phase of the controversy:—its general merits having been already largely discussed.

In the recent and renewed application of the Church Education Society to the Legislature for a separate grant, that body points triumphantly to its supporters—namely, 1,587 of the clergy, 64,000 of the laity, and 46,500 Roman Catholic children educated in its schools—as clearly establishing its claims. Now, in this appeal upon which the Church Education Society relies with such confidence, we on the contrary—and we fancy all sober thinking people will agree with us—can only recognize the fatuity which has characterized that body from first to last.

Who but the infatuated could think of making a demonstration of 1,587 clergymen in the same schedule with 64,000 of the laity and 46,500 Roman Catholic children in their schools as supporters? Such a grouping of the items of the account does most unquestionably demonstrate, and with the accuracy of arithmetic, the truth,—but anything save that which the arithmetician in this case would wish to regard as truth. Of a surety the number 1,587, large when viewed absolutely, becomes enormous when compared with the figures beside it. How is it that the Church Educationist does not see that this very enormity tells fearfully against, not for, him; showing, as it does, the antagonism in which three-fourths of the Established Church, as he elsewhere boasts this 1,587 to be, persist in placing themselves to the millions in Ireland:—and this, notwithstanding that the State, whether as represented by a liberal or by a conservative Government, has distinctly signified to the State Church that antagonism must cease? Is it possible that the Church Education Society does not foresee the issue of the contest if it does not cease to contest? Doubtless it possesses, as does any other Society, the abstract right of making demonstrations

such as this, and of petitioning for separate grants and to any amount whatsoever; and the writers on the opposite side err when they deny that right. But it must also be borne in mind that the State has the right, and may at last have the will, to rid itself (*vide* the late debate on the Irish Church Temporalities) of an importunate petitioner and separatist in the shape of three-fourths of the Established Church, who is impeding the salutary operation of its measures to heal the distractions and disunion of an Empire. Must the Church Educationist be told that it is not for the interests of a fractional and separate Church Establishment—we speak of an establishment, not a religion—but for those of the whole Empire, that the supreme wisdom and benevolence of the Legislature are to be exercised. Were it the reverse, 1,587 clergymen might separate and dictate—a perilous word that word *separate*, but unfortunately a favourite plaything in Ireland. As matters are, however, they must be dictated to, were it only to unite and to preserve them.

Already by a factious and protracted resistance to measures of peace the Church Education Society has alienated many of its supporters amongst the great masses of society,—and has begun to exhaust the forbearance of the State itself. But the evil which it has inflicted on its immediate interests is evinced by results still more positive and palpable. By this continued struggle for a separate existence, three-fourths of the clergy of the Established Church have at length succeeded in severing themselves from the people and the soil; abandoning with a doomed fatuity three-fourths of those strongholds in the shape of parochial schools in which they might have entrenched themselves, and so secured not only the existence but the genuine and respected authority of the Church establishment in Ireland,—then no longer resting on the land-slip of its temporalities, but on the *terra firma* of national good-will. And what has the Church Education Society gained in return for this loss of territory and influence?—46,500 Roman Catholic children on their rolls out of a population professing that creed to the extent of seven millions! Mr. Irwin, a Church Educationist, in reply to Dr. Townsend, a supporter of the National system, calls this a *damagingly* large number! The italics are his own. Most assuredly it is *damaging*,—but whether it be large or ludicrously diminutive let sanity say. The expression “*damagingly*,” by the way, reveals the spirit in which the Church Educationist enters into the question; one of rivalry, not of charity, and of damages at all events however the suit may end. But Mr. Irwin maintains that he is entitled to call it a “*damagingly*” large number, viewing it as a result of the experiment which the Church Education Society has instituted through means of its private resources,—that number being fully a third of the children of all persuasions educated in its schools. Further on, he adds,—and though pressed for space, we cannot resist letting the reverend gentleman convict himself out of his own mouth, while he, at the same time, furnishes us with a racy specimen of Church Educationism:—

“If, then, after organizing an antagonist experiment, and maintaining it single-handed, by private resources, for eighteen years, against the influence of the Crown and the purse of the Exchequer, the Church of Ireland is able to show that fully one-third of the children in its scriptural schools are members of the Church of Rome, while the rival institution does not venture to show registers against her, it may, perhaps, be thought, that the hope of making some considerable impression on the Romish peasantry, notwithstanding the resistance of the priests, is not so very chimerical, so very *soft-headed*, after all. *Soft-headed!*—a bold expression to describe

hopes cherished by the venerable Dr. Miller and largely realized by Nangle and Gayer!”

Here is a sample of the “*damaging*” school—the church militant, or pugilistic rather, in Ireland. An “*antagonist experiment*,” “*maintaining single-handed*”—boxing with one hand, as we say at school—and for “*eighteen years*”—rounds, we were about to write, for we felt as though we were in the ring—“*while the rival institution does not venture to show registers*,”—or to show fight, which comes to the same thing—“*hope of making some considerable impression on the Romish peasantry*,” who may be “*soft-headed*” (though their reverend antagonist is not), and thus open to much “*fibbing*,” as the gentlemen of the fancy might express it:—and then the bottle-holders and brother prize-fighters in the back-ground, Messrs. Miller, Nangle, and Gayer!—Here is a Hudibras if we had but a Samuel Butler!

But as we wish to regain our gravity—some-what upset, we confess, by this squaring and sparring—we shall notice the two only “*hits*” in the above extract which, as involving two main principles in the controversy, are susceptible of serious regard; more especially as they are evidently intended for knock-down blows, which most assuredly they are,—with the special reservation, however, that it is he who gives them who is knocked down by them:—a circumstance for which, if it continue to mingle somewhat of the ludicrous with the serious, we cannot be held accountable. We allude in the first instance to the expression, “*antagonist experiment*.” Now, we do most certainly hold with Mr. Irwin that the 46,500 Roman Catholic children are the result of an “*antagonist experiment*,”—and we keep him to that point. But has it never occurred to the reverend gentleman—who is specially critical about *criteria*, and lectures Dr. Townsend somewhat authoritatively on the subject,—that an experiment may be a true or a false one, and more probably the latter if alloyed with the spirit of antagonism; that though it may succeed under certain circumstances, it might not yet prove the truth of the principle it is bound to verify; that though it might have a damaging success on one scale it might have a damaging ill-success on another. Warner’s long range—the inventor thereof not being able to get a separate grant—blew up two or three years ago the John of Gaunt, provided from the “*private resources*” of a Warnerite, Mr. Somes; and it is but fair to add that the disciple regarded the fact as both a true and damaging result of the experiment instituted by the master. As a fanatic in naval combustibles he regarded it in the one light,—as a man and a shipowner in the other. In these conclusions he was fortified by the concurrence of the Ingestrics and the Irwins of nautical polemics. But would any one but a Warnerite—and the sect, we believe, is now confined to its founder, if indeed he have not himself conformed—argue certainly from this that the said range, long or short, could blow up or otherwise damage a veritable seventy-four gun John of Gaunt in action, or under any arrangement save that which is indicated in the nursery song.

Dilly, dilly duck, will you come to be killed?

If Mr. Somes’s duck will come to be killed—if he gives Capt. Warner a sitting shot at him, allowing him to be placed point blank and convenient—doubtless the Captain will bring down his bird, unless he be one of those who fire at the church and miss the parish. But has this antagonistic experiment proved or given the slightest semblance of a proof that either long range or short will blow up or damage in the most trifling degree a man of

war on the high seas, ruled by her own captains, armed with her own thunders, and by no means willing to come and be killed at any invitation, whether dilly or silly. Because Mr. Irwin's long or short range may reach and damagingly experimentalize on 46,500 children arranged sitting for the blow, point blank and convenient, does it follow that either could under any circumstances realize the "chimerical" object of reaching the millions who man their own ark under the natural guidance of their own pastors, who are armed with their own faith, and who will not come either upon coaxing or compulsion to be killed,—to be made half proselytes and whole heathens?

Again, an experiment might have a very plausible success when tried on one scale and stimulated by the spur of antagonism and rivalry, and yet when applied to a larger might utterly break down. Some years ago Mr. Owen of Lanark made an experiment of converting mankind to his doctrines of a golden age, and tried it on a scale of some hundred perches of parallelograms. The thing succeeded marvellously. The "result" was a most united, industrious and loving community, where innocence was primeval, and purity of the purest, even extending to pure barter. Accordingly, Mr. Owen "enchanted with a result so damagingly large," and his own resources being exhausted in instituting the experiment, petitioned or agitated, so to speak, for a separate grant, in order that he might no longer mince the matter but apply the principle to universal mankind. Mr. Owen, however, did not succeed in obtaining the grant: and here it might be alleged there is a hitch in our argument,—the larger scale for testing the experiment having never been accorded. We are perfectly content to give Mr. Irwin—as all gentlemen in an unfortunate position are given—the benefit of the doubt and of the inference: meanwhile, however, reminding him that, as respects Mr. Owen's case, the little model experiment itself at Harmony, though nursed with all a parent's love, expired in its non-age,—and that this very identical Harmony scheme was renewed the other day in France, on scales of every dimension, and by zealots of the most "damaging" activity and fanaticism, and nevertheless failed ignominiously. Do these failures typify the future fate of the experimental Harmony of the Church Education Society? We unreservedly hope so,—for the sake of education and of religion in Ireland.

Should we grant, then, that this 46,500 is a large number when considered as the result of a rival experiment of the Church Education Society, it by no means follows that the result would reach the same extent were the scale of operations proportionally enlarged and did the Society carry out its own principles. On the contrary, it is manifest that it would fall far below that level. It must be borne in mind that as in the John of Gaunt and Harmony cases this 46,500 is the show sample of the system,—and that an antagonistic system, straining every nerve to gain upon its rival, through the combined efforts of 1,587 of the clergy and 61,000 of the laity, who play with reckless desperation for ascendancy or ruin:—for playing for moderate stakes or for love, even though it be Christian love, is mawkish to the dicer. No pains, therefore, would be spared to muster the show sample by which the sham-battle in one sense, but the perilously real battle in another, is to be fought. The bounties and cockades that in these famine days have a tenfold attraction for the starving recruit, would doubtless tell for the time,—and would enlist the Roman Catholic children in largely increased numbers, in any school, were it that of Juggernaut,

so that they thereby might escape the Juggernaut of starvation. And in effect the Church Education Society boasts of a large accession to the number of Roman Catholic children in its schools during the year 1847—no less than 14,917, according to their Eighth Report; whilst their Ninth Report, or that for 1848—when the plague was somewhat stayed—counts only 1727 of the same persuasion as added to their roll in that year.

But it is our trust that famine, at least on the scale of that which has in these latter days desolated Ireland, will not be perennial in that country,—and that hence Roman Catholic children will not be compelled to barter their consciences for a house of refuge to anything like the same numerical extent as in 1847; whilst we also believe that active as the Church Educationist would at all times be in increasing the number of these children on his roll, no separate grant could enable him independently of the action of famine to augment that number at all proportionally to this show-sample. Spurious proselytism admits of but one skimming.

But supposing we admitted that a separate grant by doubling, trebling, quadrupling the present income of the Church Educational Society—about 40,000*l.* per annum—would double, treble, quadruple this result of 46,500 Roman Catholic children in its schools:—what then? When it should have trebled both these numbers respectively, the Church Education Society would have 120,000*l.* per annum, and 139,500 Roman-Catholic pupils. Now, 120,000*l.* is exactly what is allowed by the Legislature yearly for the system of National education; but in its schools we find no less than 450,000 Roman Catholic children,—the due proportion out of a population of 8,000,000 of whom seven are of that persuasion. Here, then, taking the show sample as the standard, the Church Education Society when but on a level with the system of National education as to funds could not muster one-third of the number of Roman Catholic pupils that the latter does. It will be recollected also, that we have in this calculation supposed that whilst a separate grant was conceded the original income of 40,000*l.* per annum derived by the Church Education Society from private resources would keep up to that amount; whereas this income being also, in its way, a show sample to establish a principle, would most assuredly diminish and melt away in proportion as the State became the paymaster,—eventually leaving it to stand the whole brute alone.

But why, an intelligent stranger looking on might ask, should not 120,000*l.* per annum educate as many Roman Catholics in the one case as in the other,—in that of a Church Education Society as in that of a National education system? The supporters of the former are, I hear, he might add, men of untiring zeal, energy, and assiduity,—many of them learned, more of them pious, most of them amiable members of society. Why, then, should such a discrepancy exist?

Simply because in the one case the system is National, in the other Sectarian,—in the one free, in the other compulsory,—in the one a respecter of conscience, in the other a professed advocate of proselytism.

Now, a few words on this *vexata questio* of proselytism; which is the second of the principles that we erewhile proposed to notice, and which, vexed and tortured as it has been, does not yet seem—and perhaps on that account—to have confessed its true meaning. Nevertheless, as the whole controversy turns on this point, we proceed to lay down two or three simple

truths, which may perhaps dispose the subject to declare itself.

In the first place, this is certain,—that every one, whether individually or collectively, is entitled to endeavour to convert whosoever he pleases to his own opinions, whether they be lay or spiritual, so long as by so doing he does not militate against the well-being of the community. Nay, we go further. The liberty to convert is not only the rightful liberty but the essential vocation of all knowledge. We need neither Lord Arundel nor Mr. George Alexander Hamilton to tell us this. The great Founder of that religion of which they are both disciples was himself the greatest of proselytizers, whilst at the same time he gave tribute to Cæsar, and asked for no separate grant. But here is the point. Proselytism should be left free, with the sole reservation above mentioned that it must not militate against the welfare of the commonwealth. And even this in practice need not be insisted on; since spiritual proselytism could not effect that evil to an amount at all equal to the injury which would be inflicted on the community by fettering the principle except in cases where it was directly complicated with secular elements,—and then it would cease to be spiritual and should be dealt with as a political evil.

Spiritual proselytism, then, should to all practical purposes be left free:—but of a surety it is neither free nor spiritual if it be specially pensioned to proselytize, any more than it would be if, whether by pension or by penalty, it were precluded from proselytizing. The trite verity must never be forgotten that the very best principles humanly exercised have, even under the most auspicious circumstances, their abuses as well as their uses,—and that the former augment in direct proportion as the number or intensity of the Erastian motives that influence the proselytizer to proselytize augment also. We must not, therefore, gratuitously add to that motivity,—more especially where the circumstances are not auspicious but suspicious. The worldly interests which actuate a body like the Church Education Society to proselytize are already benefitfully numerous and strong:—to mention no other,—its ascendancy and establishment as constituting three-fourths of the Irish Church,—the existence meanwhile of an ancient but unestablished rival, whose supporters are nevertheless in numbers as compared with those of the Church Education Society in the proportion of more than seven to one,—the sympathies of the times therefore gradually turning towards that unpaid and sevenfold more national competitor,—the consequent fear and jealousy felt by the rival who is ascendant in rank and influence towards the rival who is ascendant in primitive poverty and in the vast extent of his fold,—the desire resulting on the part of the former to diminish that vast fold and subtract from that great argument,—and finally, the hope that such a consummation can be achieved by proselytism.

Now, to the influence of such a series of worldly motives, we contend, a body so circumstanced as is the Church Education Society is signally exposed; and to such a conclusion, namely, pseudo-proselytism, that same series inevitably leads,—whilst at every succeeding step it renders the proselytism more spurious and adulterate. There may be, and most assuredly is, much in practice to apparently soften the secularity of the process. Doubtless, in many cases, these mundane inducements take the shape rather of prejudice than of enmity,—in several they act half unconsciously,—in some, pure fanaticism fully divides the motive with self-interest,—in more, the secular element is found in combination with learning, zeal,

piety, and many-sided charity; but still, there it is, leavening the whole, and making proselytism, under such circumstances, an aggression and an outrage, and producing, instead of peace and goodwill, all that discord and disunion which inflict the deepest wound on the commonwealth that it can possibly receive, whether regarded politically, ethically, or spiritually.

It is clear, then, that the commonwealth should not foster what is thus destructive of the commonwealth,—should not suicidally subsidize an evil principle against itself; but should, on the contrary, by encouraging union, not separation—nationality, not faction—education, not polemics—pure proselytism, not alloyed—seek to eradicate as far as it may a prolific element of strife. And in point of fact the State has decided—as far, at least, as the Church Education Society is concerned, It leaves proselytism, as it should, free,—neither stimulating its spurious action by a bounty, nor repressing either its legitimate or illegitimate action by a prohibition. The Church Education Society is free to proselytize; but the State will not give it a separate grant to that end, because by so doing it would thereby become a purchaser of the counterfeit article, not the true,—thus gratuitously deluding and damaging itself.

A word or two more.—The late debate in the House of Commons on the Temporalities of the Irish Church, the subsequent organization of a party whose mission is to renew that same debate as the first measure in its programme of reform next session, and finally the recent declaration of the Irish representatives to the same effect—are, to say the least, ominous signs of the times. Any systematic endeavour or organized experiment, so to speak, on the part of any section of the Legislature to abate what they, and many out of doors, conceive to be an evil, is more or less admonitory to those who are interested in the maintenance intact of that presumed evil, and warns them that they should not unnecessarily arm their enemies with an argument. But when, in addition to this organized party, there is known to exist another—and that a moiety of the whole House pledged to stand "shoulder to shoulder" with the former when they "battle" in that cause—we adopt Mr. Irwin's martial vocabulary—the matter becomes very portentous indeed, and the necessity for common discretion on the part of those menaced still more vital and imperative.

It is true, the State—and contumacy counts upon the fact—still feels, and naturally, a tenderness towards a prescriptive institution; and did that institution work kindly with it or at least wisely,—bearing its faculties meekly, clear in its great office, and gradually merging the spirit of ascendancy in that of equality, of theological seduction in that of lawful union, of rancour in charity,—there would still be a strong disposition on the part of any government in this country to preserve an ancient edifice whose merits in practice veiled its evils in theory. Whilst new and separate grants would be refused, the old established temporalities of the Irish Church in rank and revenue—pruned, perhaps, but by a gentle hand—might long be acquiesced in. The Erastianism which springs from the penury of a free or unpaid church would be set against that which flows from the opulence of an establishment; and through a customary reverence for the latter, the reluctance to change—its chances and perplexities—the truth might be long ignored that the largest amount of disinterestedness is to be found in a mean between both, comprising a modified State connexion and a moderate donative. And thus matters might glide on. But so Government can continue to "eat dirt" even

for the sake of an Irish Church Establishment; more especially if three-fourths of it—as the Church Education Society boasts itself to be—are those who fling it in the shape of unmitigated hostility against the cause of conscience, charity and national enlightenment.—Let the Church Education Society, therefore, be wise in time!

Facts and Reflections. By a Subaltern of the Indian Army. Madden.

THIS lively little book is not without a certain character of usefulness. The writer went out to Hindustan as a cadet in the service of the East India Company—as hundreds of his young and imaginative countrymen have done—filled with romantic notions of the beauty and luxury (to say nothing of the mere vulgar comforts) of what is practically termed "the gorgeous East." He fancied he had only to present himself in the land of "barbaric pearl and gold" in order to find those precious things strewn about him in Oriental profusion. It is curious how, while our national mind is cold and calculating on most other subjects, we should continue, in despite of experience, to be so fanciful on this. A man proposing to settle in the United States, at the Cape, or in Canada, looks all the difficulties of his adventure in the face and prepares to encounter them with his eyes open. But the light of the rising sun dazzles and confuses us. Only let the thoughts wander to the East, and fancy at once usurps the offices of reason, and clothes the prospect in her own radiant draperies. Like Hamlet, we measure our madness by the points of the compass. The fire of the burning zone must over-excite the blood—even by anticipation. No one expects to pick up pearls elsewhere;—least of all does the sober Englishman so deceive himself. But in the vocabulary of the expectant Anglo-Indian there is no such word as the—impossible. The high-spirited youth dreams that he has but to reach the City of Palaces to come upon his own Dorado—the gold waiting for his hand to gather it. Alas for the dreamer!—he awakes to find the gorgeous East a gorgeous fiction. The cities of palaces conceived by the imagination are found to be mean and filthy beyond endurance,—the occasional splendour adding disgust to the pain usually excited by violent contrasts of petty magnificence side by side with gigantic miseries. The dream of noble halls is disturbed by the vision of wretched huts;—the dominant aroma is suggestive of anything rather than of Araby the Blessed. In a sanitary point of view Calcutta is only a larger Cologne. But this is the fault of every town eastward of the Alps—and of only too many of those situate westward.—

"The approach to Calcutta is lauded as one of the wonders of Nature. There is no accounting for tastes. To my perception the view from the river is not to be compared to any part of the Thames from Kew upwards. Why the town itself has been designated the City of Palaces I could never understand. The mansions of the residents would scarcely constitute respectable outhouses to most of the continental abodes of royalty that I have seen. The vice-regal habitation is hardly worthy of the Governor-General of India; but as political affairs require the presence of that august individual in the more temperate clime of Simlah, the edifice is seldom used now. There are no other public buildings, excepting the Town Hall, the Cathedral, the Metcalf Hall and the Mint, which would be tolerated in an English country town. The city is dirty, dusty, hot, swarming with vermin of every description, ill-lighted, indifferently drained, badly watered, and not paved at all."

The object of the Subaltern in relating his seven years' experience of Oriental life is to disenchant adventurous youth and caution fathers of families. An earnest tone of remon-

strance runs through his narrative. The author wishes it to appear that the discomfort of living in the East is beyond all endurance—that the chance of rising by mere dint of talent, energy, or good conduct is small,—and that, in fine, it is a great mistake to go out at all unless a young man's career can be taken care of by powerful friends at home.

Our Subaltern served in the Sikh campaign in 1845-46,—and was present in several actions. Of course, he describes all these in brief,—but with no attempt at general battle-painting. We have no intention of re-treading this well-worn ground; but there are often small traits of mind preserved in these personal reminiscences which official despatches ignore and the more stately historian rejects as beneath the dignity of his pen. Let us lift the corner of the curtain, and peep into the tent on the eve of the battle of Ferozshahur—to see how our countrymen behave in face of a great fact and a fearful uncertainty.—

"On the morning of the 21st December, 1845, agreeably to orders received, the bugle having sounded from the head-quarter camp, the army was quickly stirring. All heavy baggage was to remain standing, and about four o'clock in the morning we were in full march towards the enemy's entrenched camp at Ferozshahur. Then assurance was made doubly sure that a grand and awful struggle would take place to assert once more the pre-eminence of British sovereignty in the East. Many a kind word now passed between those whom temporary misunderstandings had slightly alienated. Good wishes, hopes—sincere hopes, of luck and safety were generally bandied. Deep-rooted quarrels and imaginary hatreds were forgotten; all knew that they might shortly be called into the presence of their Creator. Those rejoicing in the possession of two pistols quickly divested themselves of one, and offered it to a less fortunate friend; and, 'Now, old fellow, let you and I have a cheroot together, it may be the last,' was a very common proposition. The morning was dark and cold. I saw the Governor-General and Staff as we were filing past; he looked calm, cool, decided, giving orders with his usual precision and energy; but the convulsive twitching of the stump of his mutilated arm proved his anxiety as to the result of the forthcoming struggle. One of his Staff rode out, shook hands with me, bade 'God bless me.' I never saw him more; he was killed, shot through the heart, on the first discharge of grape from the enemy's cannon."

We may recommend young men who contemplate a removal to the Ganges or the Himalayas to take a look at this little book. It may not—probably will not—prevent their going out; but it may tend to correct some misapprehensions, and strip their future of delusions which lead to disappointment and disgust. It is better for all parties that the adventurer should know the worst before crossing over into Asia.

Pilgrimages to St. Mary of Walsingham and St. Thomas of Canterbury. By Desiderius Erasmus. Newly translated, with the Colloquy on Rash Vows, by the same Author, and his Characters of Archbishop Warham and Dean Colet, and illustrated with Notes, by John Gough Nichols, Esq. Nichols.

"THIS little volume," the editor tells us, "was undertaken on finding that the interesting account preserved by the pen of Erasmus of the two principal English pilgrimages was not so well known as it deserved to be, whether as illustrating a chapter of religious history or as supplying features of local description not elsewhere to be found." The subject is, indeed, peculiarly interesting to the English reader who has accompanied Chaucer on his pleasant pilgrimage,—and the high literary character of the author of this colloquy gives it additional interest. Nor were the pilgrimages imaginary; they were both actually performed by Erasmus

some time before the year 1519,—the latter, to Canterbury, in company with Dean Colet, the founder of St. Paul's School. The dialogue here translated was, however, written some years later,—Mr. Nichols assigns 1524 as the date;—and thus it is valuable as recording the opinion of so celebrated a scholar on a subject which was at that period so bitterly contested by the two opposing parties of Christendom.

According to the favourite practice of the sixteenth century, the narrative takes the form of a dialogue between two speakers, bearing the high-sounding names of Menedemus and Ogygius,—the latter describing to his stay-at-home and rather sceptical friend the marvels and miracles which he beheld at Walsingham and at Canterbury. There is much quiet irony throughout; and from the following specimen alone the reader may well judge how the covert sarcasms of Erasmus were actually more irritating to the advocates of the old faith than even the fierce and abusive vituperations of Luther. Ogygius describes first his pilgrimage to Walsingham, to "the seaside Virgin, so famous with the English;" and this extract affords a good specimen of the style in which the pilgrim relates its marvels.—

"Ogygius. To the east of this is a chapel full of wonders. Thither I go. Another guide receives me. There we worshipped for a short time. Presently the joint of a man's finger is exhibited to us, the largest of three: I kiss it; and then I ask, Whose relics were these? He says, St. Peter's. The apostle? I ask. He says, Yes. Then, observing the size of the joint, which might have been that of a giant, I remarked, Peter must have been a man of very large size. At this one of my companions burst into a laugh; which I certainly took ill, for if he had been quiet the attendant would have shown us all the relics. However, we pacified him by offering a few pence. Before the chapel was a shed, which they say was suddenly, in the winter season, when everything was covered with snow, brought thither from a great distance. Under this shed are two wells, full to the brim; they say the spring is sacred to the holy Virgin. The water is wonderfully cold, and efficacious in curing the pains of the head and stomach.

"Menedemus. If cold water can cure the pains of the head and stomach, very soon oil will extinguish fire.

"Og. You are told a miracle, my good fellow: for what miracle would there be if cold water merely satisfied thirst? And this is only one part of the story. They affirm that the spring suddenly burst from the earth at the command of the most holy Virgin. Whilst looking around carefully at everything, I asked how many years it might be since that little house was brought thither: he answered, Some centuries. 'But the walls,' I remarked, 'do not bear any signs of age.' He did not dispute the matter. 'Not even the wooden posts,' he allowed that they had been recently put up, and indeed they spoke for themselves. 'Then,' I said, 'the roof and thatch appear to be new.' He agreed. 'And not even these cross beams,' I said, 'nor the rafters, seem to have been erected for many years.' He assented. 'But,' I said, 'as now no part of the old building remains, how do you prove that this was the cottage which was brought from a great distance?'

"Me. Pray how did your conductor extricate himself from this difficulty?

"Og. Why, he immediately showed us a very old bear's skin fixed to the rafters; and almost ridiculed our dulness in not having observed so manifest a proof."

"Thus convinced, and asking pardon for his slowness of apprehension," Ogygius next describes the relics; especially the Milk of the Virgin, which seems to have been the chief boast of Walsingham,—but which, like the wood of the true cross, seems, as he remarks, to have been multiplied beyond all belief. Again he incurs angry looks and suspicious remarks; and, as he humorously remarks, might have "been turned out as a heretic, if a few pence had not softened

down the man's ferocity." He, however, quietly observes that no incredulity ought to remain, seeing that the indulgence of forty days is conceded to those who visit and offer to it.—

"Me. Are there days even in purgatory?

"Og. Of course there is time.

"Me. When they have bestowed the whole of this allowance once, is all they have to bestow exhausted?

"Og. By no means. For what they give bubbles up again; and it happens directly contrary to the cask of the Danaïdæ; for that, though constantly filling, is yet always empty: but if you draw for ever from this, there is still no less in the cask.

"Me. If the forty days were accorded to a hundred thousand men, would each have so many.

"Og. Just so many.

"Me. And if those who have received forty before dinner again asked for forty after supper, would they be ready for delivery?

"Og. Yes, were it ten times in the same hour.

"Me. If I had but such a little bank at home, I would not ask for more than three pence at a time, if they run out as freely."

The reader may well suppose that however amusing the writer found his pilgrimage, the edification was not very great.

In a similar spirit of keen but quiet irony the narrative of his pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Thomas of Canterbury is told. The commanding appearance of the Cathedral, with its "two vast towers, that seem to salute the visitor from afar, and make the surrounding country far and wide resound with the wonderful booming of their brazen bells,"—its countless store of relics, and its more precious store of "silver and gold, silken vestments, and golden candlesticks," is duly noted. "But here, an unforeseen accident nearly destroyed all our pleasure."

"Og. My companion Gratian by no means advanced in favour; after a short prayer he asked the attendant priest: 'Here,' says he, 'good father, is it true what I hear, that Thomas while alive was exceedingly kind to the poor?'—'Most true,' said he; and he began to relate many of his acts of beneficence towards the destitute. Then Gratian remarked, 'I do not imagine that such disposition of his is changed, unless perhaps increased.' The priest assented. He said again: 'Since, then, that most holy man was so liberal towards the poor whilst he was still poor himself, and required the aid of money for his bodily necessities, do you not think, that now, when he is so wealthy, nor lacks anything, he would take it very contentedly if any poor woman, having starving children at home, or daughters in danger of prostitution from want of dowry, or a husband laid up with disease, and destitute of all assistance, should first pray for pardon, and then take from these so great riches some small portion for the relief of her family, as if receiving from a consenting person, either as a gift or a loan?' When the attendant on the holy head made no answer to this, Gratian, being of an ardent temper, added, 'I am clearly convinced that the most holy man would rather rejoice that even when dead he should relieve by his riches the wants of the poor.' Then the priest began to knit his brows, to protrude his lips, and to look upon us with Gorgonian eyes: nor do I doubt but that he would have cast us out of the church with disgrace and reproaches, if he had not known that we were recommended by the archbishop."

The Gratian above mentioned was no other than the excellent Dean Colet; who evidently, like his friend Erasmus, held these so-called holy things in but little reverence. They visited the shrine, of which—

"Og. The least valuable portion was gold; every part glistened, shone, and sparkled with rare and very large jewels, some of them exceeding the size of a goose's egg. There some monks stood around with much veneration: the covering being raised, we all worshipped. The Prior with a white rod pointed out each jewel, telling its name in French, its value, and the name of its donor; for the principal of them were offerings sent by sovereign princes.

"Me. He must needs be blessed with an extraordinary memory."

"Og. You guess right: but it is helped by exercise for he frequently goes through his muster-roll. From hence we returned to the crypt, where the Virgin Mother has her abode, but a somewhat dark one, being hedged in by more than one iron screen.

"Me. What was she afraid of?

"Og. Nothing, I imagine except thieves. For I have never seen any thing more burdened with riches.

"Me. You are telling me of untold wealth.

"Og. When lamps were brought, we beheld a more than royal spectacle.

"Me. Does it surpass Walsingham in riches?

"Og. In outward show it far surpasses her; what her hidden riches are she only knows herself. This is not shewn except to men of high rank, or great friends. Lastly, we were conducted back to the sacristy: there was brought out a box covered with black leather; it was laid upon the table and opened; immediately all knelt and worshipped."

This box merely contained "some torn fragments of linen, and most of them retaining marks of dirt;"—and here Colet again gives offence, by refusing a morsel which the prior offers to him as an invaluable relic. The description of the shrine and its accessories is not very minute:—this, however, is less to be regretted, since from other contemporary writers we obtain a full account. The notes appended by Mr. Nichols afford a variety of curious and amusing information. The account of Colet is particularly interesting; and we extract the following narrative of the foundation of his school.—

"Having, upon his father's death, inherited a large accession of fortune, for fear he should contract any harm from keeping it, he devoted it to the construction of a new School in the cemetery of Saint Paul's, which he dedicated to the boy Jesus, a handsome fabric, to which he added houses as handsome, for the residence of the schoolmasters, whom he endowed with an ample salary, in order that they should teach gratuitously: yet providing that the school should not receive beyond a fixed number. He divided it into four apartments. Into the first boys enter as catechumens, but no one is admitted that is not already able to read and write. The second receives those who are taught by the Under-master; the third those whom the Upper-master instructs. These two parts are separated from each other by a curtain which is drawn, or withdrawn, at pleasure. Above the master's chair is a seated figure of beautiful workmanship, the Boy Jesus, in the attitude of teaching, whom the whole flock on entering and leaving the school, salutes with a hymn; and above is the face of the Father, saying, *IPSUM AUDITE*! for these words he inscribed at my suggestion. In the fourth or last apartment is the chapel, in which divine service may be performed. The whole school has no corners or closets, so that it gives no room for eating or sleeping. Every boy has his own seat on benches, gradually rising, and at fixed intervals. Every class has sixteen, and the boy who heads his class has a seat a little raised above the rest. Nor is any applicant admitted indiscriminately, but a choice is made of dispositions and capacities. This most sagacious man perceived that the chief hope of the State consisted in the judicious education of youth."

Colet, it appears, employed Erasmus, who was then at Cambridge, to look out for suitable masters for his school. Erasmus in a letter addressed to him gives the following anecdote of what occurred while thus engaged. It is pleasing to find so great a scholar, and in the sixteenth century, bearing testimony to the dignity of the office of mere schoolmaster, even to young boys.—

"I am reminded of an incident which will make you smile. Whilst I was making some overtures respecting an Under-master, among the masters of arts, one of them (not the lowest in repute) said with a sneer, 'Who could bear to pass his life in that school among a parcel of boys, when he could possibly get his living any where else?' I quietly replied, that the office of instructing youth in good manners and literature appeared to me a particularly honourable one, and that Christ had not despised

that period of life, which was the best qualified for the reception of good, and the most promising of a fruitful return, since it was as it were the seed-plot and nursery of the State. I added, that all men of true piety were agreed that no service was more acceptable to the Almighty than that of bringing children to Christ. But upon this he turned up his nose, and derisively said, "If any one wants to be altogether the servant of Christ, he should enter a monastery and follow its rule." I answered, that Paul places true religion in the duties of charity; and that charity consists in benefiting our neighbours to the utmost of our power. He rejected this sentiment as not orthodox. "Well," he added, "you see we scholars have left all, and must therefore be in a state of perfection." No man, I replied, can be said to have left all, who, when he has the power to benefit many by his exertions, declines the office because he deems it too humble. Take this as a sample of the wisdom of a Scotist, and a taste of his charming conversation."

We thank Mr. Nichols for this entertaining little volume; which will afford to many a reader, not only much information on the subject of pilgrimages, but also numerous illustrations of the feelings and habits of the times.

The Adirondack; or, Life in the Woods. By J. T. Headley, Author of 'Washington and his Generals.' New York, Baker & Scribner; London, J. Chapman.

"THE central portion of New York," in which the scenes of this work by Mr. Headley are laid, is described as "either way across" about the distance from "New York to Albany—varying from a hundred to a hundred and fifty miles—an unbroken wilderness, crossed by no road, enlivened by no cultivation, not a keel disturbing its waters; while bears, panthers, wolves, moose and deer are the only lords of the soil." The peculiar character of this district will be brought yet more distinctly to view by a few traits and extracts strung together. The body of a Mr. Henderson, who was killed by an accidental discharge of fire-arms, "had to be carried thirty miles on men's shoulders before they came to a public road." It took Mr. Headley's party nearly five hours to "find 'the Owl's Head' (a mountain) after they first came in sight of it, though at the time not more than two miles distant in a straight line from its base."—Our tourist's final summing-up, too, should be given, either by way of *coup de grace* to adventurers easily disheartened, or as the last spice of encouragement to such travellers as love a country in proportion to the obstacles which it presents.—

"In passing through this region, one should never wander from his guide, for it does not require more than a mile's aberration sometimes to lose one effectually. Neither should he, even with his guide, depart far from the water courses, for it is almost impossible to get through the woods. The quantities of fallen timber scattered throughout the forest in every direction—huge trees lying across each other, presenting an endless succession of barricades and impenetrable thickets, arrest the traveller at every step. A direct line cannot be pursued, and a man might work hard all day and not make ten miles progress. And more than this, away from the lakes and streams you are not sure of game, especially on the higher grounds. These mountains are silent as the grave—the owl perchance being the only bird you will see in a day's tramp. It is true, deer, bears, wolves, panthers and moose roam over them; or retire to their summits to take the cool air and escape the flies of the lower grounds, but you make such a thrashing among the branches, both green and dry, that they are off, long before you come in sight of them. These forests are so dense that you can see but a short distance ahead. A good rifle, a knife, three or four shirts and a blanket or overcoat, making a package of only a few pounds weight, must be all that you take with you—for, in the first place, your rifle weighs from eight to twelve pounds, and in the second place, you are often

compelled to carry that of your guide also, together with a tin kettle, perhaps, or pan which you need in cooking. Over the portages he can carry only the boat, and it would be a great waste of time to compel him to go back after the traps. Your guide must have also a little sack of Indian meal with which to make Johnny-cakes. A small bit of pork is likewise desirable to fry your trout with."

After transcribing the above, we need not say that, whatever be the attraction of Mr. Headley's book as regards subject, his style has small charm. But we do not wish to vex one so sore under criticism as our tourist shows himself to be. Even when in the 'Adirondack' he cannot forget or forgive the "ignorant conceited clergyman" "who reviewed my 'Napoleon and his Marshals' in the 'New Englander,'"—nor abstain from stating his *casus belli* against Prof. Von Raumer, because that not very catholic tourist spoke out in a steam-boat company his disappointment in the wild scenery of the United States.

The citation of a few insulated passages will clear us of all further responsibility with regard to 'The Adirondack.' A part of Mr. Headley's journey thither was sufficiently mysterious and exciting.—

"I passed through Saratoga Springs without stopping even to dine, but compensated for the neglect over some trout at Glen's Falls. Arriving at Lake George just before sunset, I engaged a man to carry me on, some twenty miles farther that evening. We halted a few moments at twilight at a lonely tavern on an elevated ridge, made still more desolate by the self-murder of the proprietor, the year before, over whose grave a whip-poor-will was pouring its shrill and rapid note. Soon after, we began to enter the Spruce Mountain, where, for miles, not even a hut appears to cheer the sight. In the meantime, the sky became overcast, and night came down black and threatening. The darkness at length grew so impenetrable that we could not see the horses, nor even the waggon in which we rode. Up long hills, and down into deep gulfs, with the invisible branches sweeping our faces at almost every step, we travelled on, seeing nothing but utter blackness, and not knowing but the next moment we should stumble over a precipice, or be tumbled down the slope of a 'dugway.' My driver, in the meantime, got excessively nervous—he had never travelled the road before, and this feeling his way, or rather allowing his horses to feel it without venturing the least control over their movements, seemed to him not the safest mode of procedure, and so after muttering awhile to himself various rather forcible expressions, he stopped and got out. Going to the heads of the horses, he commenced leading them. I supposed at first that something was the matter with the harness, and said nothing; but soon finding myself moving on in the darkness, I called out to know what he was doing. 'I'm afraid,' he replied, 'to ride, it is so dark, and I'm going to lead my horses.' Just then, there came a bright flash of lightning, revealing the still and boundless forest on every side, and throwing into momentary, but bold relief, shivered trunks and blackened stumps, and last though not least important, the horses, with my driver at their heads. An instantaneous and utter blackness followed—falling on every thing like a mighty pall—and then came the sullen thunder, swelling gradually from the low growl into the deep vibrating peal that shook the hills. It was my turn to feel nervous now, and the idea of walking out a thunder-storm at midnight, in these mountains, was not to be entertained a moment. Unfortunately, I can bear the worst fate better than suspense; so calling out in a tone not to be mistaken, I said, 'Come get in and drive on, and drive fast, too—if we break down, we will bivouack the rest of the night under the waggon, but as for going at this snail's pace, and a thunder-storm gathering over our heads, I will not permit it.' With a grunt at my rashness, he clambered in and started on. 'Come,' said I, 'whip up, neck or nothing, I can't stand this.' Getting into a smart trot, we passed rapidly along, expecting every moment to feel the shock that should stop us for the night, or find ourselves describing the arc of a circle down some declivity, the bottom of which

we could only speculate upon. Ever and anon came the sudden lightning, rending the gloom, succeeded by the rolling, rattling thunder-peal, that made the horses jump, not to mention our own pulsations. Brushed every few steps by an overhanging branch, as if struck by a mysterious hand, we kept resolutely on—the good horses, picking their way like Alpine mules, and the road proving itself to be far better than our fears. At length, just as the heavy drops began to fall, we emerged into a little valley, in which nestled a rude village, the meadows of which seemed to be one mass of phosphorescence. The fire-flies hung in countless numbers over the surface, forming almost a solid body of light."

The next description may be taken as a companion to some of the pictures of the redoubtable slide of Alpach:—which now, if we mistake not, exists only in the pages of guide-books, scientific magazines, and miscellanies for the delectation of boys.—

"Did you ever witness a log driving? It is one of the curiosities of the backwoods, where streams are made to subserve the purpose of teams. On the steep mountain side, and along the shores of the brook which in spring time becomes a fiery torrent, tearing madly through the forest, the tall pines and hemlocks are felled in winter and dragged or rolled to the brink. Here every man marks his own, as he would his sheep, and then rolls them in, when the current is swollen by the rains. The melted snow along the acclivities comes in an unbroken sheet of water down, and the streams rise as if by magic to the tops of their banks, and a broad, resistless current goes sweeping like a live and gloomy thing through the deep forest. The foam bubbles sparkle on the dark bosom that floats them on, and past the boughs that bend with the stream, and by the precipices that frown sternly down upon the tumult; while the rapid waters shoot onward like an arrow, or rather a visible spirit on some mysterious errand, seeking the loneliest and most fearful passages the untrodden wild can furnish. * * The heavy rains about the first of July had so swollen the stream near which I am located, that all thoughts of fishing for several days were abandoned, and the log drivers had it entirely to themselves. So, strolling through the forest, I soon heard the continuous roar that rose up through the leafy solitudes, and in a few moments stood on a shelving rock, and saw the dark swift stream before me, as it issued from the cavernous green foliage above, and disappeared without a struggle in the same green abyss below. * * Passing down, I soon came to a steep bank, at the base of which several men were tumbling logs into the stream. I watched them for some time, and was struck with the coolness with which one would stand half under a huge embankment of logs, and hew away to loosen the whole, while another with a 'handspike' kept them back. Once, after a blow, I saw the entire mass start, when 'Take care! take care!' burst in such startling tones from my lips, that the cool chopper sprang as if stung by an adder; then with a laugh at his own foolish fright, stepped back to his place again. The man with the 'handspike' never even turned his head, but with a half grunt, as much as to say 'Green horn from the city,' held on. It was really an exciting scene—the mad leaping away of those huge logs, and their rapid, arrowy-like movement down the stream. At length I threw off my coat, and laying my gun aside, also seized a 'handspike,' and was soon behind a log, tugging and lifting away. I was on the top of a high bank, and when the immense timber gave way, and bounded with a dull sound from rock to rock, till it struck with a splash into the very centre of the current, my sudden shout followed it. The first plunge took it out of sight, and when it rose to the surface again, it stood, for a single moment, perfectly still in its place, except that it rolled rapidly on its axis—the next moment it yielded to the impetuosity of the current, and darted away as if inherent with life, and moved straight towards a precipice that frowned over the water below. Recoiling from the shock, its head swung off with the current, and away it shot out of sight. The stream gets full of these logs, which often catch on some rock or projecting root, and accumulate till a hundred or more will all be tangled and matted together. There they lie rising and falling on the uneasy current, while a driver slowly and carefully steps from one to another, feeling with his feet and 'handspike,'

to see where the 'drag' is. When he finds it, he loosens, perhaps with a blow, the whole rolling, tumbling mass, and away it moves. * * The least hurry or alarm and he is lost:—but no, he moves without agitation,—now balancing himself a moment, as the log he steps upon shoots downward, then quickly passing to another as that rolls under him, he is gradually working his way towards the shore. He has almost succeeded in reaching the bank, when the whole floating mass separates so far, that he can no longer step from one to another, and after looking about a moment, he quietly seats himself astraddle of one, and darts like a fierce rider down the current. These logs are carried twenty and thirty miles in this way, passing from small streams to larger ones, through lakes and along rivers, and are finally brought up at the wished-for spot by poles across the river, which stop their further descent. Several different men club together to drive the stream, and here they pick out each one his own, by the mark he has placed upon it, as you have seen a farmer select his sheep in a pen containing several flocks. This marking logs like sheep, was entirely new to me, and somewhat droll. I could imagine the owners at the place of rendezvous, (i.e., of the logs,) selecting them in somewhat the following manner: one cries out, 'Well, neighbour Jones, is that your log?'—'Yes.'—'How do you know?'—'Oh, it has my mark—*cropped on both ears and slit in the right*; and here is one belonging to you with a bob-tail, and a knot in the forehead.'

We shall lastly treat the world to Mr. Headley's panorama from the summit of Mount Tahawus.—

"As we ascended this bald cone, the chill wind swept by like a December blast; and well it might, for the snow had been gone but a few weeks. The fir trees had gradually dwindled away, till they were not taller than your finger, and now disappeared altogether; for nothing but naked rock could resist the climate of this high region. The dogs, which had hitherto scoured the forest on every side, crouched close and shivering to our side—evidently frightened, as they looked off on empty space—and all was dreary, savage, and wild. At length we reached the top; and oh, what a view spread out before, or rather below us. Here we were more than a mile up in the heavens, on the highest point of land in the Empire State, and with one exception the highest in the Union; and in the centre of a chaos of mountains, the like of which I never saw before. It was wholly different from the Alps. There were no snow peaks and shining glaciers; but all was grey, or green, or black, as far as the vision could extend. It looked as if the Almighty had once set this vast earth rolling like the sea; and then, in the midst of its maddest flow bid all the gigantic billows stop and congeal in their places. And there they stood, just as He froze them—grand and gloomy. There was the long swell—and there the cresting, bursting billow—and there, too, the deep, black, cavernous gulf. Far away—more than fifty miles to the south-east—a storm was raging, and the massive clouds over the distant mountains of Vermont, or rather between us and them, and below their summits, stood balanced in space, with their white tops towering over their black and dense bases, as if they were the margin of Jehovah's mantle folded back to let the earth beyond be seen. That far-away storm against a background of mountains, and with nothing but the most savage scenery between—how mysterious—how awful it seemed. Mount Colden, with its terrific precipices—Mount McIntyre, with its bold, black, barren, monster-like head—White Face, with its white spot on its forehead, and countless other summits pierced the heavens in every direction. And then, such a stretch of forest, for more than three hundred miles in circumference—ridges and slopes of green, broken only by lakes that dared just to peep into view from their deep hiding-places—one vast wilderness seemed here and there by a river whose surface you could not see, but whose course you could follow by the black winding gap through the tops of the trees. Still there was beauty as well as grandeur in the scene. Lake Champlain, with its islands spread away as far as the eye could follow towards the Canadas, while the distant Green Mountains rolled their granite summits along the eastern horizon, with Burlington curtained in smoke at their feet. To the north-west gleamed out here and there the lakes of the Saranac

River, and farther to the west, those along the Raquette; nearer by, Lake Sandford, Placid Lake, Lake Colden, Lake Henderson shone in quiet beauty amid the solitude. Nearly thirty lakes in all were visible—some dark as polished jet beneath the shadow of girdling mountains; others flashing out upon the limitless landscape, like smiles to relieve the gloom of the great solitude. Throughout the wide extent but three clearings were visible—all was as Nature made it."

It will be seen that we have not accused the Americans of proficiency in florid writing for nothing! But, taking the tinsel and the true metal for what each is worth, and accepting as a condition of the presence of the one the company of the other, Mr. Headley's book is good summer reading,—and will be found somewhat provocative, we fancy, to those whose pleasure in foreign travel is doubled by perils to be overcome and violent bodily exercise to be encountered.

Essays on Subjects connected with the Reformation in England. Reprinted, with additions, from "The British Magazine." By the Rev. S. R. Maitland, D.D. Rivington.

THE fact that nineteen out of the twenty papers of which the present volume is composed—or, to speak according to the number of pages, some two-thirds of its subject-matter—have already appeared in a contemporary periodical, would of itself be a sufficient reason for our not entering into any lengthened review of these Essays on subjects connected with the Reformation in England. But we may say that they show in every page the diligent use which Dr. Maitland made of the valuable Library at Lambeth while that matchless collection was under his charge.

Few writers have studied with greater attention than Dr. Maitland the Literature of the eventful period to which these Essays relate:—none have traced with greater shrewdness its secret history, as far as the same can be discovered, or analyzed with greater freedom and success the motives and characters of the leading actors in those stirring times. But as a natural consequence of the system which he has pursued throughout these Essays, they consist of a mass of minute criticisms so dependent upon and interwoven with each other that it is scarcely possible to find any portion which could be separately quoted so as to give the reader an adequate idea of the learning, shrewdness, and quaint humour of the writer.—The following passage is perhaps better suited for that purpose than any other. It forms a link in the chain of argument by which the author seeks to disprove the genuineness of the commendatory preface by Dr. Bonner, then Archdeacon of Leicester, to Bishop Gardiner's treatise *De vera Obedientia*, which first appeared in the edition of Gardiner said to have been printed at Hamburg in 1536; and its more immediate object is to show that in all probability the book of 'Laudes' of 1491—the only book said to have been printed at Hamburg in the fifteenth century—was not really printed in that city. Hamburg is elsewhere described by our author as "the particularly non-printing city of Hamburg."

"And now that these suspicions are raised, let us go back a little, and look again at that Hamburg edition of 1536, which was the first to present the public with Archdeacon Bonner's preface, and from which Dr. Brown's reprint in his *Fasciculus*, as well as the English translation, are professedly made. I propose this, because there is something very curious about the early history of printing in Hamburg. I lay the following story, relating to that subject, before the reader, without pretending to vouch for the truth of all its particulars; but at the same time assuring him, that in such sources of information as I have

had opportunity to consult, I have found nothing to contradict any of them.

"The Story of Hamburg."

"One fine morning, in the year 1491, when all the inhabitants of Hamburg were deeply engaged in business and pleasure—that is, either in actual buying or selling, or in bargaining—so that even the gate-keeper (it is not known of which gate) had stepped up into the city to learn the state of exchange between Hamburg and Berlin*, two men, whose outlandish appearance afforded no information as to the place whence they came—indeed, I believe it has never to this day been even guessed at—contrived to slip in unobserved. How they managed to bring in with them all the materials and machinery necessary for establishing a printing-office is not known; but it may well be imagined that nobody observed them, in a city where every man had his hand in his pocket, his heart in his purse and his head in his ledger. So John and Thomas Brocard, or Borchard, or Burchard, with their typographical gear, went forward unmolested, until they came to the vacant space in front of the Town-house; where, as it seemed to them that they should have plenty of room and be in nobody's way, they set up their press, and inconspicuously to work, printing a folio book in great Gothic type to the honour of the Virgin Mary. All that day, as every day, everybody in Hamburg was minding his own business, and the Proconsuls and Consuls (as the citizens loved to call what more modern folks would designate as the Burgomasters and Town-Council) were assembled in the Town-house, to mind the business of everybody else. Nobody, therefore, heeded the printers, until the municipal grandees came forth, after a long day's discussion on a new tariff, and were struck with amazement by the strange novelty. John and Thomas, by incredible skill and diligence at once and press, had just worked off their book, and hastily gathering a few copies, presented one to each of the senators who had surrounded them, and were gazing in silent wonder at their proceedings. Most of the Consuls, indeed, had little idea of what was going forward; but two or three of the most enlightened looked at each other knowingly, and in a way that plainly said, this will not do. 'Aye, aye,' said one of the Proconsuls, at length, giving utterance to the thoughts of the others as well as his own, 'If this is allowed it will be the ruin of the place. The exchange will be deserted by book-reading fools, and the workshop crammed with book-writing beggars. Trade will be ruined, and all the profit of our exports and imports together will not meet our poor-rate. We have staved off this new-invented folly during twenty or thirty years that it has sullied Mentz and Cologne, Frankfurt and Strasburg, and I know not what places beside, and we must not give way now. In spite of bad example, not a type has ever yet been set up in the good city of Hamburg, and we are not going to begin now.' John and Thomas rubbed their thumbs on their aprons, and looked sheepishly at each other. It was clear that they had made a great mistake. But they were sharp fellows, and in great emergencies great wits jump. They formed a sudden resolution, made a sudden start, ran off at full speed, and were never more seen or heard of. The senators stood still and stared after them, but they stirred not a step. Perhaps they had some sympathy with Dogberry, and were not sorry to get rid of bad company at so little expense. For that matter, indeed, when the property which John and Thomas had abandoned in their flight came to be carried to account as firewood and old metal, there was a balance of some dollars in favour of the city chest.

* Some readers may think I ought to have said Lubek, perhaps, or some other place more known in the early history of commerce. But as the exact truth is not known, I do it on purpose to give the good city of Berlin a lift, as Mr. Cattey has done in his edition of Fox, by telling us that in the year 1539 it was honoured by the presence of Henry the Eighth, while his Vice-General Cromwell was for some inextinguishable reason quartered at Utrecht, or, as the cautious editor (not to depart at once too much from the ancient orthography which he is correcting) is pleased to spell it 'Eutrecht.' The proof of this is a letter from no less a person than Archdeacon Bonner, then bishop elect of Hereford, to the Lord Cromwell. The antiquated mode of spelling, which the editor has so carefully corrected, would in all likelihood have led some readers to quite another part of the world. They would have been liable to suppose that Byrting and Ewridge were the two seats of the Lord Burgoveny in Kent and Sussex, better known to modern readers (especially the readers of Nichols's *Royal Progresses*) by the visit of Queen Elizabeth.—See Fox, vol. v. p. 132.

But so deeply were the Proconsuls, and Consuls, and citizens, and indeed all the inhabitants, impressed with a sense of the danger which they had so narrowly escaped, that so long as any of those senators lived (and it was more than forty years) no man, woman or child, ever printed a book, or a bit of one, in the good city of Hamburg; though none of them knew all the particulars which have just been laid before the reader, some of which have never, indeed, been divulged until this present occasion seemed to call for them."

In recommending this volume to the perusal of all who take an interest in the history of the Reformation, we must not be considered as advocating or adopting all the views or opinions of the writer. For instance, we cannot acknowledge that Dr. Maitland has succeeded in convincing us, as he endeavours to do in his twentieth essay (now published for the first time) that the charges of cruelty so vehemently repeated against Bishop Bonner are "gross exaggerations"—and in a very great degree false and slanderous; yet we readily admit the learning and ingenuity which the writer has brought to his white-washing of the character of that prelate. We agree with him, however, in rejecting "all sympathy with any person of whatever party or name (Cranmer, Calvin, or Bonner) in so far as he thought of maintaining or enforcing Christianity by fire and faggot."

History of the Fruitbearing Society:—Manners, Taste and Rhetorical Culture of the German Princes and Nobility, from the end of the Sixteenth to the latter half of the Seventeenth Century—[Geschichte der Fruchtbringenden Gesellschaft, &c.] By F. W. Barthold. Berlin, Duncker; London, Williams & Norgate.

This book belongs to the class of literary monographs, and is a very creditable specimen of that class. It gives the account of a society founded under distinguished auspices in the dawn of the seventeenth century, to maintain the purity of the German language, and to foster the growth of native literature, when both were endangered by foreign influences. This could not be well done without notices—to explain its origin and illustrate its progress—of the political, religious and social relations affecting the whole intellectual culture of the time. The author* has made a free but judicious use of these supplementary materials, which, indeed, compose the most important substance of his work; a condition partly inherent in the nature of such a performance. The literary Order indeed, whose existence he records, could only deserve to occupy the foreground in such a memorial in virtue of its expressing the mental character of the period that gave it birth, and of the part it bore among other elements of national development, fashioned by wider influences, and which have survived, in the life of German letters and language, the ephemeral institution created on their behalf.

This character of his subject has been perceived by the learned author, as the title of his work declares. It is not merely a dry account of the foundation, associates and official acts of the Order; nor is it confined to descriptions of the special purpose, and of the harmless pedantries and affectations—in the spirit of the day—engrafted on the execution of a design laudable and patriotic in itself. The habits of life and the state of literary culture in Germany, with the changes produced in both by the great European events of

the sixteenth century, are aptly set before us in characteristic notices of individuals and interesting pictures of customs and manners, collected from various sources, many of which have long disappeared in forgotten books and MSS.; and the domestic incidents, as well as the foreign manners and transactions that influenced the course of German civilization, are so grouped around the principal subject as to keep the eye fixed on the points that give it any real importance, without throwing the special topic itself into the background. The introductory sketch, describing how the movement was prepared and ripened into the national zeal which this institution embodied, abounds in valuable information; and may be read with pleasure by many whose patience will not last through all the fortunes and formalities of the Order, and the biographical and literary notices of its members,—of the most notable of whom Prof. Barthold has sketched the career, while noting their place in the "Fruitbearing Society."

A work composed on this principle takes rank from the variety and choice of its details, of which no summary report can be given. We must be content to describe them in general terms, as deserving the attention of those who study the history of literature or manners; and as offering, even to common readers, not a few notable or amusing traits of a period to which educated minds will always revert with some emotion—the era, namely, of the great Thirty Years War. For the rest, a sketch of the main topic of the book will suffice to give some idea of its nature.

In all times the German language has had to maintain itself in the midst of two opposite tendencies in the German people. On the one hand, they have cherished their native tongue with a constancy proved by the fact that this alone, of all modern European idioms, has preserved in unimpaired perfection, from a period of six centuries counted back from our day, its autoplactic life; in this respect retaining the advantage that distinguished the Greek, which was lost at an early stage of their literary growth by all the chief European families whose language partakes of Latin elements, and which the Scandinavian nations, even, no longer fully command. On the other hand, the maintenance of this privilege has always been endangered by a proneness to receive foreign fashions, and to copy foreign models, in phrases, manners and letters. The former, we may say, was the true pulse of national life, beating in the heart of the people: the latter a contagion, chiefly proceeding from the upper classes, that continually threatened to destroy it by the servile follies of courts and the affectations of the travelled and the luxurious. The history of German literature presents a continued series of alternations, as one or the other of these influences for the time prevailed. At the period of the Reformation, the native element was quickened by the popular stimulus of a new creed, which restored to the Church a language understood by the people, and gave them Luther's German Bible and Hymn-book. In the latter half of the sixteenth century, the scale descended on the side of French and other foreign influences, from causes to be touched upon presently. During the first years of the Thirty Years War the German element again displayed itself in promising efforts* of which this "Fruitbearing Society" or "Order of the Palm" was at once a symbol and a support. After the Peace of Westphalia, French supremacy, that had been so decisively felt in the closing scenes of the

war, and spoke in an arbitrary tone at the treaty of Münster, began once more to exert a growing authority on the manners, amusements, and literature of the only class to which that frightful contention had left the means of cultivating the embellishments of life. For more than a century, while the people of Germany were toiling to make good the losses of the past, amidst various interruptions, and, losing their earlier love of letters, fell into a cramped and sullen condition, the culture of her nobles and the language of courts and statesmen became altogether French; and this alien tendency, which reached its climax in the days of Frederick the Great, was not overcome without effort by the energy of native genius that burst forth in the golden age of German letters and poetry, from Klopstock down to Uhland. In the last fifteen years, since the close of that bright era, we have seen a marked revival of Gallican influence, on the same ground from which the great authors of Germany had barely retired; and whether this may continue to run as long a course as heretofore, or whether the re-action that has constantly overthrown it may be hastened by the late political convulsions, it might be hazardous to prophesy. This, however, is abundantly clear: that the same foreign heaven has been periodically introduced, and in all cases by the influence of an era of French or other foreign literary activity, combined with some political impulse; but that the mind of the nation has always decisively thrown it out, after a certain period of fermentation, and has vindicated its claim to be, in speech, thought and writing, independent and Germanic.

One of the periods of re-action gave birth to the "Order of the Palm," described in Barthold's essay. The various causes that in the latter half of the sixteenth century had given currency to foreign modes among the educated and luxurious classes, are traced with skill, and illustrated by curious and amusing details. Of these causes the most important were, the political connexion between the Protestants of Germany and the Huguenots of France, until the crowning and conversion of Henri Quatre: the introduction into Germany of the Calvinistic (or Reformed) religion, which brought with it many other tendencies of a foreign complexion, and by degrees rendered the courts that adopted it wholly French in manners and culture. At the same time, the Spanish element, strongly prevailing in the Imperial Court, rather aided than opposed the effect of this tendency on the rest of the nation. The romantic Castilian fashion, displayed at Vienna in tournaments and heroic pastorals, had found an earlier welcome in France; the Astrée of D'Urfé, and the chivalrous sports of the French court under the House of Valois were replete with the same character: thus Germany was open to its impressions alike from the headquarters of the old faith and from a certain division of the new. The Lutheran Courts of the North alone resisted these for a while, and affected in manners and culture a certain rugged Germanism; but this, unredeemed by anything that could eclipse the elegance, pomp, and fantastic ingenuity that graced the alien cultivation could not long maintain an unequal contest; and by degrees the prevailing fashion was adopted more or less thoroughly by most princes, even of the Augustan confession. At this period, the general culture of the upper classes in Germany, motley as its nature may have been, is shown by Barthold to have been far higher than at any period within the following century; and he gives interesting details both of the ruder simplicity of the former age and of the learning and refinement that existed

* Already known by various literary performances, of which his "Römerzug König Heinrichs v. Lützelburg" (1830) and a "History of the Great German (Thirty Years) War, from the Death of Gustavus Adolphus" (1842), and, we believe, a History of Pomerania—may be mentioned.

* It is sufficient to recall the names of Opitz, Fleming, Gryphus, Von der Werder, Hübner, Mosebrusch, Schottel, all belonging to this period, and far superior to any that followed between 1650 and 1750.

between 1560 and 1620 in the patrician and sovereign ranks, in which both sexes were alike distinguished. The German language itself derived some benefit from the foreign fashions by which this cultivation was ruled. It could not be wholly disused in favour of French or Italian; and the ambition, when it was used, to imitate the elegance and *concelli*, admired in devices, masks and other semi-literary amusements imported from abroad, did something to polish its style, at the same time that these foreign tastes were troubling its purity and defacing its vocabulary with strange words.

By degrees there arose in high places, and amongst the better students of literature, a desire to restore their native language to the place from which foreign productions threatened to exclude it altogether. The literary reform was introduced by the so-called "Silesian school" of poets, of which Opitz was the most illustrious:—the patrician class produced a zealous ally in Ludwig of Anhalt Cöthen, the indispensable patron, if not the founder, of the "Fruitbearing Society." This youngest son of a numerous family of princes was amiable, ingenious and learned; and, unlike his brothers, was addicted wholly to the arts of peace;—had travelled much, and brought home from Italy a love of magnificence, a taste for gardening, and a knowledge of those societies which had begun to spread over Tuscan literature, on the pattern of the famous *Della Crusca*. This may be regarded as one of the influences which led him towards a confraternity with a similarly allusive title, symbols and ceremonies, when he embraced the design of vindicating the claims of his native language by guarding its purity and encouraging original productions. But such institutions were not then peculiar to Italy, nor wholly strange to the Germans. There were not a few of the like fantastic Orders already extant, not in Court circles only; some on patterns borrowed from France, where they were flourishing in various affected shapes—others apparently created by the guild spirit in the burghers of cities like Nürnberg. In the latter city, the "Order of the Flower" had already grown up on the old ground of the *Master Singers*; and the "*Roses of Hamburg*," the "*Lilies of Thuringia*," the "*Order of the Swan on the Elbe*," &c. &c., attest the proneness of the time to express in this way any popular interest in literature, pastime or gallantry. These and other such harmless growths of peace were, for the most part, destroyed by the rage of the Thirty Years War—and the few languid survivors never regained any vital activity after that disastrous period. In describing the origin, progress and labours of the "Fruitbearing Society," the characters and doings of its principal members, Herr Barthold is minute and often entertaining. Its objects have been told already. Its constitution was chiefly aristocratic. Princes and nobles were its first members; and the few of humbler rank permitted to join them owed their reception to high literary merit. Nor were aristocratic candidates at first allowed to enter on any other condition but that of a decided pursuit and patronage of letters. It was not until evil times began that the Order, when it had gained repute enough to be coveted, was bestowed at the dictates of politic fear on ruder colleagues,—men of the sword and foreigners, even, who could not pretend to share in its patriotic intentions. During the Thirty Years War its registers contain the names of politicians and soldiers in abundance; but necessity, not choice, then ruled; and the Society was already verging towards the fate that closed it not long after the Peace of Westphalia.

The members were designated each by some

fantastic name. After a few first initiations in the style of the *Della Crusca*, the symbols were selected by the princely patron from the world of plants. The device of the flower, &c. chosen was borne on the medal of the Order, and inscribed in its archives, with a suitable motto of verses allusive to its qualities. Thus, for instance, August of Anhalt was called *The Victorious*, and his device was the corn-flag (*gladiolus*), the name of which in German as well as in Latin has a martial allusion (*Allemannsharnisch*). In the meetings of the Society each member was addressed by his adopted name only; and on solemn occasions was bound to wear the medal of the Order in a green ribbon. Of other ceremonies we need not speak; they can find no echo in the feeling of these times: and we are apt to regard with amazement the zeal with which in other days men of every kind of eminence could take part in what would now appear but puerile, if not ridiculous, ceremonies.

The question of what was done by the Society in furtherance of its main purpose has a significance we can still understand. It afforded a rallying point for German writers and a school for grammatical cultivation; and promoted in other ways a kind of academic polish in writing. Some works of utility—the most valuable of which were the 'System of German Grammar,' by Schottelius, and the translation of Tasso's 'Gerusalemme,' by Dietrich von der Werder, —perhaps owed their existence—certainly their publication and success—to the patronage of the Order. But the very nature of such institutions forbids the exercise of more than an ephemeral influence; and while they may serve at particular periods to smooth and arrange the general surface of literature, they cannot in any way—except in so far as they may generally raise the honour of the pursuit—determine or aid the appearance of its higher productions. Of the chief literary names of the period (already enumerated in a note), the greatest owed nothing to the Society, but had won their laurels before the Order added its decoration to them;—and all that can be safely averred of its results is, that on the whole it rather helped to keep the body of the German language sound at a critical period than actually brought forth any of its notable productions. The former, however, is no light praise:—we now know how infinitely valuable to the literature and intellect of a later era the unimpaired possession of this noble organ has been. "Language," said Luther, in his pregnant way, "is the scabbard in which the spirit lies, like the sword in its sheath—if the sheath be rusted, the blade itself corrodes."

The Order dates from 1617, one year before the outbreak of the Thirty Years War. Its first actual promoter was Kaspar von Teutleben, long in the service of Weimar, but at the time attached to Ludwig of Anhalt Cöthen, to whose patronage the scheme owed its life. The statutes require its members "by all possible and practicable means to preserve the High Dutch language in its true essence and condition, without mixture of foreign words; and to endeavour after the best expressions in speaking as well as the purest style in writing and rhymed inventions." The symbol of the Society, in accordance with its title of "Fruitbearing," was the Indian palm tree; and its motto, "Profitable in all ways" (*Alles zu nutzen*). The individual devices and titles of the members, as we have said—after one or two names borrowed from the fancies of the *Della Crusca*,—were all botanical, in compliance with the taste of the princely patron, who assumed the office of baptizing the members and wrote the verses appropriate to each. Its archives were solemnly

rubricated; and a considerable portion of these, splendidly illustrated with the arms, devices and metrical inscriptions of each member, have been preserved in the library of Anhalt Cöthen.* After the death of Von Teutleben (in 1648), Prince Ludwig assumed the presidency, which he had always virtually held, and ruled the Order until 1651. From his death it rapidly declined. The next head was a Prince of Weimar. On his decease (in 1667) Augustus of Saxony, administrator of Magdeburg, succeeded; and with him the Order, which had been virtually extinct for years, formally expired in 1680. There were altogether 820 members elected; of the most remarkable of whom Barthold gives sketches, pregnant with illustrations of the history of the period in all its aspects, social, military and political. These, as we have said, give the work a value independent of its special topic; and will be found instructive and often entertaining. They include notices literary and bibliographical; sketches of remarkable occurrences; characters and acts of notable men; curious traits of social life in various ranks and at different epochs; accounts of several courts, their princes, courtiers and diversions; scenes from the Thirty Years War; anecdotes of the exploits of foreign leaders and native partisans, and striking instances of the licence and barbarism that followed their ravages;—materials, in short, not only various and amusing, but useful to any one who seeks to know the living character of that strange time. We have also to thank the author for some curious etymological hints; and for the correction of Stenzel's error in citing as (authentic, in his creditable 'History of Prussia,') a fiction on the subject of the fair Dorothea of Brandenburg, invented by Koch,—whose graceful tale, 'Die liebe Dorel,' can henceforth be only admired as a literary counterfeit, not less pleasant and ingenious than Meinhold's 'Amber Witch.'

Altogether, we close this volume with a satisfaction somewhat rare in these times of mere bookmaking; with respect for the learning and diligence which have enabled the author to do justice to his subject; and not without gratitude for his apt choice of materials and skill in using them so as to enliven the dryness of an antiquarian subject. We may add, that Herr Barthold, as becomes the historian of an order of purists, is exemplary in his adherence to genuine German; and though he teases us now and then by a pedantic trick of calling the members by their adopted titles, which perplex the memory,—instead of giving us their proper names,—we may well pardon him for this trivial fault, in the style of the "sodality," on the score of his general merit in describing it.

The Handbook of Travel round the Southern Coast of England. Nattali.

THIS is the first of a promised series which with less pretence and a great deal more care and diligence might be useful and acceptable. Tried by its title—as a handbook—it is very

* There was also a printed account of the Order published in Frankfurt (1640), with plates by Merian.

† In this chapter there are some strange notices of a company of "English actors," occurring here and there in the annals of the time, between 1600 and 1615, as in great request for dramatic performances at several northern courts; and also as having played, in Prague and Nürnberg, "fair comedies, mostly new to Germany, and tragedies, with delectable music, and all manner of strange foreign (Walschen) dances." In 1613 we have one of these English actors, named a certain "John Spencer," who appears with his comrades at a festival at the court of Dresden, bringing recommendations from Berlin. Barthold says he can discover no satisfactory account of the real character of the performances of these English contemporaries of Shakespeare; the fact of those wanderings in Germany and high reputation there is all that his researches have discovered. Is there any reference to such a Thespian migration in our dramatic annals?

defective; tried on its own merits, it has claims to consideration. The publisher has large resources at his command; by which he is enabled at a comparatively cheap rate profusely to illustrate the work with engravings, not the less welcome to the traveller because they have already done service in other publications, although some of them are far too "artistic" for a guidebook:—for example, Portlock, Worthing, and others might change names and be none the less like the places. We suspect, too, that some of the letterpress is doing double duty:—but no matter, when it is good we do not object. But the writer, or compiler, or whoever has undertaken to furnish the connecting narrative affects a playful, off-hand, gossiping style, and is too apt to obtrude himself into the foreground of his picture. This is a mistake. The compiler of a guidebook or a handbook should have neither tastes, appetites, fancies, affections, passions, nor even personality; his work should be a substantive thing that must stand alone and on its own merit. To compile such a work may seem to be, and in one sense is, a mere humble drudgery,—to which, however, few persons are equal, because of the absolute self-negation which it imposes. The writer under consideration is evidently of opinion that if he follows the general direction indicated by the title-page he is within that range at liberty to wander "at his own sweet will,"—to idle or to hurry on at his pleasure or convenience. Not so: he is bound hand and foot by the obligations which he has taken on himself; and has no right to leave the worst hostility in the dustiest neighbourhood until he has made what he elsewhere calls his "dottings and jottings" of everything relating to the locality which others may desire to know,—or, in the words of his advertisement, "everything that can be useful to those who visit any part of the Southern coast." The word "useful" includes, we suspect, more than is dreamt of in his philosophy:—indeed, the first, last, and all-engrossing duty of the compiler of a guidebook is to enable others to take their ease at their inn if they be pleased to profit by his pioneer labours. Now, let us see how the work keeps the promise of the announcement; and for that purpose give an outline of the writer's progress for some fifty miles,—from Lewes to Portsmouth.

Lewes is done justice to;—Newhaven and Rottendean are then described;—Brighton, a mere fishing village a century since, has its forty pages;—Shoreham, Worthing, and Bognor follow;—and lo! in two pages, we have arrived at Portsmouth Harbour! Thus, the town and castle of Arundel are dismissed without a word; Boxgrove and the monuments of the De la Warres are passed in silence;—the writer dashes at railroad speed through Chichester, though "sorely tempted to remain,"—and through Bosham, "the patrimony of Harold the Dauntless,"—and by many other places of interest, because "our object was to reach Portsmouth," and "we determined to put off our visit till another year." Well, then, he ought to have put off publication till another year. This is enough to indicate the faults of the volume; which, however, has its merits, sufficient to justify these comments. In brief, we submit to the writer that the only chance of making these volumes successful is to make them complete in themselves, and always to test old descriptions by actual observation. We could offer some curious proofs of neglect in this respect; and if he hopes to have his volumes serve as guidebooks,—a class of works much wanted for home travellers,—he must remember that there are a variety of tastes to be considered, and that each and every one must find in them what he seeks:—that geology, natural history, trade,

manufactures, commerce, education, and crime are subjects on which some travellers, and indeed whole classes of travellers, desire information,—and that they have a right to find what they seek in a 'Handbook.'

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

The Proceedings of the Zoological Society of London. With Illustrations. Part I.—With most of our large Societies which publish Transactions, it has been found necessary previous to the publication of these bulky volumes to give some account of what is done at their meetings. This has led to the occasional issue of what is called the 'Proceedings' of such bodies. It has, however, been found a defect in these publications, that they did not generally admit of illustration; and their brevity, especially in natural history cases, has rendered them almost useless. The Zoological Society has, in a very spirited manner, determined to meet these objections; and in bringing out a new series of its 'Proceedings,' to accompany it with woodcuts and beautifully coloured plates of the objects described. This cannot fail at once to render these 'Proceedings' more useful to the naturalist and to make them more popularly interesting. The woodcuts in the present part illustrate papers on Mollusca, the Aurochs, and the Chimpanzee. Five coloured plates, of which we can speak highly as works of Art, illustrate descriptions of Mammalia, Birds, and Insects; and three well executed lithographs illustrate papers on the Crustacea and on a new Zoophyte.

The Precise Present Character of Transportation Explained, with Suggestions. By Ignotus.—The suggestions here offered for improving our system of secondary punishments are four in number:—1. The universal adoption of the separate system of imprisonment as the first stage of punishment. 2. Greater rigour in carrying the sentences, according to their legal terms, into effect. 3. Settlement of the laws of transportation for a fixed series of years, followed by a general advertisement in market-places, houses of public resort and entertainment, and in schools, of the simple English meaning of the statute, so that all may learn and understand it. 4. A system of free emigration at the cost of Government to keep up the tone and morals of our criminal-colonial society.—As indicating a scheme of criminal treatment, we regard these propositions as unwise—and in the present state of penal science and public opinion thereupon as impossible of adoption. The "separate system" is a failure. It is now conducted in several large prisons in London and the provinces; but in no two precisely alike, and in none in its original and normal form. Even at Pentonville innovations have been introduced which entirely destroy its character: it is now only partially separate. Preston Gaol is still less so,—and association is resorted to even in Reading. The Government itself is conscious that "separation" has failed to produce the good expected from it; and it has consequently begun to demolish the cells in its convict prison at Millbank, and to make in their stead associated work-rooms. The second proposition would be just and useful, if the third were settled; but while the very theory of transportation is warmly contested by the press and in Parliament, and the practice of Government is changing every few months, it would be idle to adopt any general rule of severity. That it is desirable to give proper publicity to all laws by which men are bound cannot be denied; but seeing that our criminal statutes, with the explanations, cases, decisions and precedents necessary to make them understood, would fill a tolerably large library, we do not see how they could be posted up in all the market-places and houses of entertainment. In our public schools some elementary knowledge on the subject might certainly be conveyed,—and this would probably be as useful tuition in most cases as the elements of Latin and algebra, acquired only to be forgotten. But morals, law and politics form no part of our school system.

Hints on Horology. By W. S. Arnold.—Some general remarks on watch-making and watch-keeping; beginning with Fohi and Dionysius Exiguus,—and ending with some observations on the utility of watches.

The Life and Times of Hincmar. By the late Rev. J. C. Pritchard, M.A., &c.—*De mortuis nil nisi*

bonum.—We will adopt the criticism of the preface:—"This volume can lay little claim to originality or research."

A Grammar of the Welsh Language. By William Spurrell.—This is a simpler introduction to the Welsh language than has hitherto appeared in print. It contains the results of observation and reflection during a long course of years.

A Latin Vocabulary. By B. H. Kennedy, D.D.—It is very questionable whether boys ought to be forced to wade through a vocabulary at all. Nothing can be more barren of interest than the committing to memory a series of unconnected words. It is true this argument against the interest determines nothing as to the utility. But the question is, whether equal advantage might not be secured in less time—without the disadvantage of exciting a disgust for learning—by the more natural method of rigid construing and strict parsing. The real significance of words is much more easily and effectually learnt by the help of their connexion with each other than in their isolated state. In fact, we may safely say, that their significance cannot be thoroughly acquired at all by the use of vocabularies. If, however, vocabularies must still be used, Dr. Kennedy's may fairly be recommended as the best that can be adopted. It contains all the useful radical Latin words, alphabetically arranged, with many of their derivatives and compounds explained at the foot of the page. English words, derived from the Latin which they are employed to explain, are printed in capitals so as to strike the reader's attention.

The First French Book. By T. K. Arnold, M.A.—Mr. Arnold has succeeded in preparing a work admirably adapted to meet the wants of English students of the French language—especially such as have any knowledge of Latin and Greek. The philosophical explanation of the changes of consonants, together with the frequent references to Latin words and idioms by way of illustration and comparison, render it far superior as a school-book to any other introduction, even from the pen of a native writer. The sound principles of imitation and repetition which have secured for the author a reputation widely extended and well deserved, are here happily exemplified. His account of the differences of idiom is very satisfactory and complete:—whoever thoroughly masters it, will rarely want anything further on the subject. At the same time it may be questioned whether, as in his 'Henry's First Latin Book,' Mr. Arnold has not endeavoured to impart more information than is quite consistent with the professedly elementary character of the work. He seems sometimes to forget his excellent principle of doing one thing at a time, and advancing step by step according to the gradually increasing strength of his pupil. Attempting too much is one of the surest methods of accomplishing too little. What is of inestimable value, or even indispensable, to the proficient is very likely to prove a burden and an obstacle to the novice.

Important Discoveries in Grammar; and some Obscurities which harass the Mind of the Student removed. By the Author of 'The Art of Reading.'—Whatever discoveries the author of 'The Art of Reading,' on a System similar to that which is used for Music, may have made in the *terra incognita* of grammar, it is clear that he has missed the discovery which is of most importance to himself as a public teacher—the secret of being able to write it correctly.

The Hill Difficulty. By G. P. Cheever.—An attempt is made in this work, by "allegories and other similitudes," to depict the "temptations, the trials, the peace and the rest of a Christian pilgrim, emblematically and practically considered." The style of the book is imaginative, and what would be called eloquent; but with too much of didactic matter exactly to fulfil the expectation of amusement excited by the promise in its title.

The Christian's Key to the Philosophy of Socialism. By Upsilon.—The subject is treated with ability; and the author's conclusions are corroborated by citations from Carlyle, Emerson and other writers of reputation.

Practical Mercantile Correspondence. By William Anderson.—A collection of models for modern letters of business on most of the events which arise in the ordinary transactions of home and foreign merchants. For the greater number, they are terse and to the

point, clear and definite in their use of terms—the first and most obvious requisites in commercial correspondence. We could have wished, however, that the style in which they are written had borne a nearer relation to good English. There is no reason why the trader should deal dishonestly with his mother-tongue. We are well aware how much importance is attached to brevity in the counting-house, and that it is the seeking after this quality which so much mars the beauty of language and gives to the vocabulary of the market a stilted and skeleton character. But it should not be forgotten that English is a grammatical language; that sentences are constructed according to rules, the non-observance of which leads to a fault far more fatal than verbosity, in a mercantile sense; that is, obscurity of meaning. Mr. Anderson's method of condensation is very simple, and very common we believe. He leaves out the prepositions. There is little art in this;—perhaps the reader may think little gain; but we have heard of a merchant who found he could dispense with a clerk and save a handsome sum in ink by omitting to cross the *i's* and dot the *i's* in his correspondence! But if the young merchant would avoid obscurity—all chance of quibble, mistake, false reading, and eventual litigation—he should write good English: the plainer and more literal the better for his purpose. Besides his drafts of business letters, Mr. Anderson scatters over the pages of his manual a good deal of commercial information—thrown into notes—on points suggested in the letters. An appendix contains a number of *pro forma* invoices, bills of lading, account sales, bills of exchange, and examples of monetary and business transactions generally—together with an explanation of the German chain rule as applicable to the calculation of exchanges. In spite of the fault at which we have hinted, the book is well adapted to form the young merchant to habits of business, and store his mind with information useful in his selected walk.

The Manse Garden. By N. Paterson, D.D.—Plain sensible directions for the culture of a garden; and though written for the latitude of Scotland, they will be found of use further south. A sixth edition testifies to the amount of public support which has been given to the work. Those who are content with a manse or farm without attending to horticultural embellishments should read this little book.

Gardening for Children. Edited by the Rev. C. A. Johns.—The editor tells us that, notwithstanding its title, the instruction which this work contains is of much significance,—having been furnished to himself by “an eminent practical gardener;” that the directions given are the result of many years' experience,—and will be found available to cottagers and such amateur gardeners as have small plots of ground. This extension of the word “children” commends the work to the attention of those “children of a larger growth” who are usually called men and women,—and we can enforce the commendation by our own.

Daniel the Prophet. By the Rev. T. Knox.—This little work consists of the author's reflections on the life and character of the prophet named. In considering the subject, Mr. Knox opposes himself to those who would date the prophetic periods; which fact may serve as a kind of warranty to our readers that the book is at least written in a sober spirit.

Notes on English History. By Mrs. Edmonds.—A judicious summary containing a succinct account of all the leading events and characters in our history, together with more than seven hundred questions for examination.

Cicero on Old Age.—Cornish's ‘Pocket Classical Library.’—A literal but bald translation of Cicero's ‘De Senectute’; of little use to a student of Latin—and of none at all to the general reader.

Selections from Lucian. Edited by Henry Edwards, A.M.—This is a republication of ‘Walker's Lucian,’ enlarged and modified according to the advance of classical scholarship since his time. The best authorities have been consulted with a view to its improvement. The notes are copious to excess; some of them relating to matters which ought to be explained by the master, and others displaying more pedantry than judgment. There is too much assistance afforded by translation.

The Elements of Botany. By M. Adrien de Jussieu. Translated by J. H. Wilson.—This is a translation of a work on botany written for the elementary course of Natural History adopted by the Council of Public Instruction for the use of the colleges in France. The misfortune of all such books is, their being written to order. As they must be used by those for whom they are written, their authors write without the fear of competition before their eyes. In such cases, too, the choice of an author is not always happy. In the present case, for instance, it is more than probable that M. A. de Jussieu would not voluntarily have written a work on structural and physiological botany. He is known better as a writer on systematic botany. But whatever may be the objections natural to this system of writing books, there can be no doubt that some excellent ones have been written in the French Government series of manuals for education:—and M. de Jussieu's is certainly not a bad book. In looking over it, however, we are struck with its want of freshness and of accordance with the philosophical views of the more advanced botanical writers of the present day. Much of the erroneous physiology of the school of De Candolle, founded upon the false analogies supposed to exist between animals and plants, encumber its pages. Theories which have scarcely ingenuity to recommend them are treated as probable truths. The great facts in the history of development are only cursorily discussed,—and the whole arrangement of the book is mechanical. With all these faults, it is elegantly and perspicuously written; and is in many respects, the best French book on the subject of structural and physiological botany. The French have lately been behind both the English and the Germans in a knowledge of vegetable structure and physiology.—The present translation, with one or two exceptions, seems to be accurately done; and Mr. Wilson has increased the value of the book by the addition to it of an Introduction on the object and utility of natural history written by M. A. de Jussieu for another volume of the series,—and by the further addition of some plates for the illustration of the part of the work devoted to the geological history of certain forms of plants. Many of the plates in the original work are not good,—and there is little improvement on them in this translated one. The greatest drawback on the use of the book, however, both in the original and in the translation, is the want of an index. We wonder that a careful publisher like Mr. Van Voorst should have overlooked so great a defect in a work of nearly eight hundred pages.

The Child's Own Prayer-Book. By the Mother of a Family.—This is also entitled, ‘A Help to Nursery Devotion’; and consists of certain hymns and prayers the merits of which it is not our vocation to criticize.

[ADVERTISEMENT.]—STATE OF THE CROPS.—THE AGRICULTURAL GAZETTE AND GARDENERS' CHRONICLE OF AUGUST 11th contains an elaborate Table of the State of the Crops compared with that of average years at this season. This Table has been drawn up from the returns furnished by about three hundred known correspondents. The Gardeners' Chronicle and Agricultural Gazette may be ordered of any newsdealer; or a single copy may be had by inclosing six postage stamps to the office, 5, Upper Wellington Street, Strand, London.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Aunt Henry's Stories, 18mo. 2s. 6d. cl.
Black's Picturesque Tourist of Scotland, 7th ed. 12mo. 3s. 6d. cl.
Black's Economical Tourist of Scotland, 5th ed. 12mo. 3s. 6d. cl.
Cooke's (C.) Devotions for Public Schools, 12mo. 2s. cl.
Dobson's (Rev. W.) Selections for Composition, 9th series, 1s. 6d. cl.
Erasmo's Pilgrimages to St. Mary of Walsingham, 3s. 9vo. 6d. cl.
Friends of the Poor of Hamburg, 18mo. 1s. cl. ed.
Friend's (A.) Council, Book I. 3rd ed. post 8vo. 6s. cl.
Gower's Shilling Modern Atlas, 4to. swd.
Harris's (A.) Guide to Port Stephens, square, 1s. swd.
Humphrey's (T. D.) The Cutter's Guide, 3rd ed. 4to. 10s. bds.
James's (J. H.) Guide to Benedit Building Societies, 12mo. 3s. cl.
Johnstone's The National Atlas (lithographic edition), folio, 4t. 4s.
John Howard and the Prison World, by H. Dixon, 12mo. 6s. cl.
Lawrie's (Dr. J.) The Parent's Guide, 8c. 6s. 9d. cl.
Lardet (Capt. F.) On Points of Seamanship, 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.
Mackie's Castles, Palaces, and Prisons of Mary of Scotland, 11. 3s. cl.
Mainspring of Usefulness, or Little Annie, 22mo. 1s. cl. swd.
Montgomery's (Rev. G. W.) Illustrations of Law of Kindness, 2s. 6d.
Noakes's (J.) Worcester in the Olden Time, 8c. 5s. cl.
Rawstone's (L.) Complete Code of Modern Agriculture, 2nd ed. 9s. cl.
Riddell's (Rev. J. E.) Critical Latin and English Lexicon, 4to. 2s. 10s.
Rutherford's Border Handbook, post 8vo. 6s. 6d. cl.
Slater's Shilling Series, Brenner's ‘The Twins,’ 18mo. 1s. cl.
Sidney's Emigrant Journal, Vol. for 1849, folio, 10s. 6d. cl.
Small Books, No. X.VI. ‘On Responsibilities of Employers,’ 3s. 6d.
Stephens (J.) On the Literature of the Kymry, 8vo. 12s. 6d. cl.
Taylor's (Jeremy) Works, by Rev. C. P. Eden, Vol. VI. new ed. 10s. 6d.
Thacker's (G.) Family of England, 6 vols. 8vo. 3l. 10s. cl.
Tourneur's (J.) Family of England, 3rd ed. 8vo. 3l. 10s. cl.
Winslow's (Rev. O.) Glimpses of the Truth, 3rd ed. 8s. 3s. 6d. cl.

THE CONSTANT AND RECAMIER TRIAL.

Mention has already been made in the *Athenæum* of the suit instituted by Madame Recamier's legist, Madame Lenormant, against Madame Colet, for unlicensed publication of M. Constant's letters in a Parisian journal. We return to the trial,—which has been decided against Madame Colet—for the sake of the abundance of matter presented in the report, which is curious as illustrating the “ways and means” of French bar practice,—curious as throwing light upon the humours of French literary life,—but most curious as adding to our never-too-large stock of traits of character.

It was clearly proved, from her own handwriting, that in 1846 Madame Recamier intrusted certain letters from M. Constant to herself to Madame Colet, with discretionary power over them,—stipulating, however, that the MSS. were to be returned to the giver in case she should chance to survive Madame Colet. It was little less clearly evidenced by testimony produced on the trial, that throughout her long life Madame Recamier had been liable to fits of ambition tempting her to personal and literary confession,—alternated with fits of scruple and reserve making her surround herself with screens the elegant impenetrability of which was certain to attract attention. Without intending any scandal against Madame de Staël's friend, there is no rôle de femme more certain of its effect than such aameleon one;—whether it take the form of the caprices of a Cleopatra, or that of the vacillations of a Mlle. Jenny Lind. Thus, while in her latter days Madame Recamier was, as represented by her advocate, in agonies of anxiety to expunge the chapter consecrated to herself from M. de Chateaubriand's ‘Mémoires’—which, let us remind the reader, were read in her *salon*, with closed doors, at the key-holes of which half the journalists of Paris were allowed to listen—she found her so long ago as 1814 collecting ‘*Souvenirs de ma vie*,’ and yet more, in the confessions of these consulting that most accessible, indiscreet, and public of ‘old struggles,’ Madame de Genlis! The latter addressed her thus on the subject.—

You will show me your *Souvenirs*. My old experience will offer you some counsels; and you will make a useful and delicious work. * * * You can cast your eyes over the past without remorse. At all times this is the best of our rights; but in those in which we now live, it is inappreciable. Profit by it, for the instruction of the two young persons whom you are educating;—it will be the greatest of benefits for them, &c.

We must interrupt the thread of narration to remark, that these same ‘*Souvenirs*’ would apparently have been much more, and somewhat less, than a school-book good for the use of two young ladies. That Madame Recamier's correspondence had generally a tone of ‘Letters from Damon to Phyllis’ more pronounced than some instructresses of youth would warrant as salutary, may be gathered from the specimen or two which have escaped into print. Here, for instance, is a ‘Despatch’ as much to its purpose in its conciseness of compliment as any in Colonel Gurwood's collection.—

Paris, Jan. 13.
I own, Madame, that I do not greatly regret that business will prevent my waiting upon you after my dinner, since every time that I see you I leave you more penetrated by your attractions, and less disposed to give my attention to politics. I will call on you to-morrow, as I return from the Abbé Sicard's, on the chance of finding you, and in spite of the effect which these dangerous visits produce upon me.

To return.—The date of Madame Recamier's present to Madame Colet justifies us in asserting that “the mood confidential” did not cease to visit the venerable lady till within a short period before her decease. Explicit, nevertheless, is the power over her papers bequeathed to Madame Lenormant, her executrix. The quarrel, in short, is as pretty a quarrel as could be sketched out in a French court of judicature,—and most amusing to the bystander has been the fashion of attack and defence. It has been not directed to the “ruling” of a dry point of law, after the fashion of our own Dallas and Hobhouse case in regard to Byron's Letters—to the deciding with whom the simple irrefragable right of publication resides,—so much as devoted to the elegancies of special pleading. The court was virtually a court of character held over Madame Recamier (poor, dear, super-delicate lady!) for the purpose of ascertaining her fancies with regard to the records of her Platonic friendships,—and over

Madame Colet, to define how far she was fitted or otherwise to unveil the mysteries of past times to the newspaper public of the present ones. The plaintiff's advocate, M. Chaix d'Est Ange, took a most invidious advantage of the "pour" and the "contre," as regarded both the gentlemen, in order to make his pleading piquant. After descending with a *feuilletonist's* florid minuteness on the exquisite privacy of the *Abbaye aux Bois* and the mimosa-like sensitiveness of its presiding Lady, he reversed the medal; and with not less courtesy, discrimination, and mercy, turned to the defendant, — painting her not *en silhouette*, but *en buste*, as follows:—

"Madame Louise Colet," said M. Chaix d'Est Ange, "has obtained striking literary successes. She has been crowned by the Academy, I am aware—she has all the talents which you could desire; but she was, perhaps, the last woman to whom one ought to have applied in the case of a publication such as the one in question, because she has what people call a *tête méridionale*. She is an adorable woman—she has qualities of every kind; but at the same time she has her faults. So adorable she would not be if faults she had not. * * * A *tête méridionale* implies that its owner has eccentricities—a character of extreme vivacity, and the utmost *bravuerie*—is sometimes hurried into inconsiderate attacks, and to measures which are not good. * * * She was, therefore, the last person to whom Madame Recamier could have confided such a mission."

The above invectives are surely somewhat in *Mr. Witterly's* style; but the "*tête méridionale*" is a qualification indefeasibly, exclusively Parisian. Madame Colet must have foreseen, it appears, the criticisms which would fall upon this poor devoted head,—since, by way of proving that she was worthy of Madame Recamier's confidence, in the course of the trial she "put in" testimonials from literary personages of eminence, expressive of their sympathy and admiration. One epistle produced in court told something more; and, considering the quarter whence it comes and the testimony which it contains, parts of it are worthy of paraphrase as curious illustrative paragraphs in a curious story. M. Béranger's letters are always interesting:—

"You know," writes the *Chansonnier*, "that I became intimate with Madame Recamier only by the side of the death-bed of our illustrious friend Châteaubriand. Benjamin Constant, with whom we had been equally intimate, was frequently the subject of our conversations. One day she asked me if you had communicated to me the notice and the letters. I answered, that of the letters I only knew the fragments cited by M. Lomenie; as to the notice I had merely read it lightly. She said to me, 'when the time for publication shall come, I hope you will be consulted by Madame Colet, to whom I have given the letters.' This conversation was often resumed, always in the same strain; and I was perhaps the only person with whom she would hold it—for her idea of publishing these letters from Constant was penetrated (together with her gratitude for the remembrance of a eminent man) with the desire of clearing him from the reproach of insensibility with which M. St. Beuve had thought fit to charge him, in an article upon Madame de Charrière.* I had repeated to her the eulogies of her which Constant made incessantly to me. Thus, I was, beyond every other person, the fit counsellor in a task which she had made you undertake, and which she had herself read repeatedly. Let me add, that with the exception of Châteaubriand there were few persons among those who surrounded Madame Recamier well disposed to the memory of the author of 'Adolphe.' The confidence in this matter which she placed in me in no respect diminished that which she had in you,—in whom, like myself, she esteemed a proud independence of character, a heart devoted, disinterested and generous even to imprudence. Thus what has been my surprise to see you accused of rapacity, fraud, emulgence,—you, whose energy *un peu trop méridionale* has led to your being sometimes exposed to reproaches so different! This Madame Recamier one day herself said to me, in the presence of Madame Lenormant, who joined in all the praise we gave you. * * * BÉRANGER."

But ere we have done with this *méridionale* Madame Colet's hard case, we cannot resist the testimony of another champion who seems to have come to her aid uncalled, sounding cymbal and gong "with a vengeance!" The following are passages mitigated rather than otherwise from the testimonial of Madame Desbordes-Valmore:—who, by the way, like Madame Colet herself, is one of the contemporary minor poetesses of France. Her prose, it will be owned, is of the stupendous order.—

"It is permitted to you," writes Madame Valmore, "to remain calm in the presence of accusation,—since you are without reproach. Your enemies, if enemies you can have, and your friends (among the number of whom permit me to name myself) will all unite to attest this in one and the same cry. Mine is cast upwards to the Almighty, that this mad dispute may melt away! The noise thereof must pro-

foundly afflict Madame Recamier—not in the tomb (for I cannot persuade myself that she is there), but in heaven, from whence she listens to and looks upon those for whom she is waiting with all the tender beneficence of her beautiful spirit. This trial, truly, is only an excess of love for her."

A little of Madame Desbordes-Valmore "goes a great way,"—and modest readers will gladly be spared the rest of the dithyrambic. Our neighbours, verily, have not essentially changed their humour since the days when Walpole's sardonic mirth was stirred by the toast drunk to the dying man, who was styled by the proposer thereof "*Notre aimable agonisant!*" But neither the facts of M. Béranger nor the fustian of Madame Desbordes-Valmore have been able to shield the "*tête méridionale*" of Madame Colet from the utmost rigour of the law. An interdict upon her publication of the Constant Letters in *La Presse*, accompanied by a decree of the costs to be paid by her, are the issue of this trial: in which it seems to our simple eyes that no point has been settled—not even the exact shade of public privacy or private publicity selected in her latter-day moments of caprice for herself and her past Platonics by Madame Recamier the beautiful!

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

St. Sebastian.

A large number of those who are attracted to the South of France by the baths and picturesque beauties of the Pyrenees are tempted to make a dash over the frontier of Spain as far as St. Sebastian. Very many English and a still greater number of French would on no account extend their excursion beyond this point. They are assured at Bayonne that French civilization extends thus far and no farther. All beyond is vaguely represented to the imaginations of pleasure-hunting tourists as a land exclusively peopled by sanguinary banditti, living wholly on rancid oil and garlic. Leaving it, therefore, to be determined by circumstances and a nearer inspection of this *terra incognita* whether or no we should venture ourselves within its limits, we determined to journey from Bayonne to St. Sebastian like others—to see Spain. So here we are,—incontestably on Spanish ground; and from a very sufficiently comfortable room in the incontestably Spanish "Parador Isabel" I proceed to write you an account of how we came and what we have seen. It is the more worth while, perhaps, to do this inasmuch as the traveller if he follow the stream and the advice of the Bayonnais excursionists will in truth see little or nothing very Spanish or interesting in any way in the course of his trip to St. Sebastian; whereas if he will follow the advice here tendered him instead he may really see a good deal.

The journey indeed as generally performed does not appear a very formidable one. An excellent macadamized road—the *grande route* from Paris to Madrid—has passed from Bayonne to St. Sebastian for the last two or three years. Before that, it left the latter town to the right, going southwards, and passed over the heights of Hernani, well remembered by British legionaries:—a severe ascent avoided by the new line. For those who do not travel in their own carriages, this bit of frontier road is traversed in about five hours by some three or four diligences daily. And still more reassuring, the same vehicles may be observed as constantly returning, and bringing live passengers with them;—so that at all events the significant "*vestigia nulla retrorsum*" warning is wanting to the terrors of the undertaking.

Nevertheless, if the stranger will take my advice he will avail himself of this civilized facility only as far as Irun, the first town in Spain, and not more than a couple of miles distant from the bridge over the Bidasoa which divides the two countries. Here let him pause awhile in the very tolerable quarters which he will find in the house of Ramon Echeandea; where one of the attendants—an exceedingly pretty girl, by the way—speaks a little French. For in this, as in many other respects, he will find that his first entry into Spain much more resembles an overhead-and-ears plunge than his passage from any one to another of the countries of Europe ever did. Thus, not as at Dover, at Calais, or at any of the frontier towns of Italy or Germany, will the traveller find the language of the limitrophe country abundantly understood at Irun. In the custom-house, in the coach-offices, in the shops, Spanish you must speak

tant bien que mal, or remain mute. Even here at St. Sebastian,—a much less completely Spanish place than Irun,—I wandered the other day through half the town without being able to obtain information where the post-office was, because I had neglected to ascertain from the dictionary before starting that "cartas" and not "letras" was the proper word to use. To the unfledged Spanish scholar, therefore, the pretty maid at Irun will prove a guardian angel.

The visitor should endeavour to make his first step into Spain on a fête day. Should it chance, however, that the day of his arrival is not one, the probabilities are that the morrow will be. We stepped from the diligence into the streets of Irun in the midst of a high holiday—the first of three in succession! Having secured quarters for the night, of course our first move was to sally forth and look about us. The traveller quitting Spain would doubtless laugh at the notion of setting forth, all excitement and curiosity, to see the poor little frontier town of Irun. But for those to whom Spain and Spanish sights and sounds are all strange and new, there is matter enough of observation and amusement. There are the town musicians—Basque, however, rather than Spanish, these, but equally new and striking—who have just arrived at the town-hall preceding the authorities on their return from high mass, playing a shrill and lively Basque air all the way. The eight or ten grave seniors who constitute the municipality of Irun proceed to the council chamber, and the town band remain in front of the building, labouring in their vocation with a capability of endurance altogether marvellous. There are three of them, paid by the town to amuse the inhabitants on every holiday. Two of these hold in the left hand a sort of fife, while with the right they beat a peculiarly shaped little drum, which hangs by a sling from the bent elbow of the left arm; the third carries a rather larger though still small drum only, on which he employs both hands. This important and most active trio are very jauntily dressed in clean white trousers, very smart crimson silk sashes worn nearly a foot broad around the body, and neat short velvet jackets.

Then, there is to be observed the architecture of the houses,—at least of the older among them,—of a style highly characteristic and wholly different from anything on the other side of the frontier. Their far-projecting roofs resting on richly carved and ornamented beams of wood or on supports of stone, their balconied fronts projecting each story beyond that beneath it, and gay with many-coloured awnings, their massive entrances often by a low round arch which looks solid enough to last for ever, all combine to produce an effect new, striking and highly picturesque. Nor are the figures which animate the scene less calculated to add to its novelty and brightness. The men, a fine athletic race, with generally strongly marked and sharp-cut features and a somewhat hard expression of countenance, wear blue or scarlet cloth caps, shaped very much like the Scotch bonnet, with a black tassel hanging from the centre of the crown. These, added to the scarlet sashes and clean white holiday shirts and in some instances trousers, also contribute much to the general effect of brilliant colouring which these people seem so fond of. In the holiday dresses of the women the brightest hues, and especially the most brilliant and full tints of red and yellow, predominate. The general amount of *taste* displayed was far inferior perhaps to that observable among the *grisette* class in France; but the average of cleanliness and neatness was as much superior to that which any assembly of French *peasantry* would have presented. And many of those who were thronging the "plaza" of Irun on this festive occasion were of that class. I and my companion agreed that we had rarely if ever seen so large a portion of female beauty as we observed among the women here and in the neighbourhood. Fine, clear, dark complexions and well proportioned elastic figures are common,—magnificent eyes, good teeth, and the finest hair ever seen, almost universal. The latter, generally very beautiful in quality as well as perfectly extraordinary in quantity, is plaited into one, or more often into two, long tapering tresses, and is let to hang down the back, often as low as the knees. The heads of the elder women are covered with a handkerchief, cotton or silk according to the means of the wearer, but always of the most brilliant

* See the *Revue des deux Mondes* of April 15th, 1844.—Those who care to follow out this passage of sentimental literary history will find the article in question as curious as it is painful and depressing:—the extracts from M. Constant's letters justifying to the full, we think, the view taken by M. St. Beuve, and adverted to above.

colours, and almost always perfectly clean and very coquettishly put on. Among the peasantry a blue dress tucked up over a scarlet petticoat often adds to the general mass of vivid colouring.

But it was in the cool of the evening that all this gay and brightly clad population were to be seen truly enjoying their holiday. About five o'clock the indefatigable drum and fife men began marching with a serious and business-like air up and down the "plaza,"—fortunately for us immediately in front of our windows,—and playing a brisk march. This they continued till they had collected a sufficient number of listeners to open the ball. They then ceased marching up and down, and began to play a variety of dances. At first the dancers were all children, little girls mostly of thirteen or fourteen years old, together with several nursemaids holding infants in their arms whom they danced in time to the measure. This we afterwards found to be an inseparable and peculiar feature in a Basque holiday dance. The dancing education of the population certainly begins betimes. It is a pretty and amusing sight to see the little brats held high up with wonderful strength and dexterity of wrist and arm—one hand under their feet and the other grasping their clothes,—and thus danced and twirled, like so many fantoccini puppets, high above the heads of the crowd. Gradually the assembly increases. Still, the great majority are females:—but waiting for the gentlemen is out of the question. The fife and drum keep going,—and not a soul, old or young, can hold her limbs quiet. Those who do not professedly stand up to dance cannot remain still,—but keep shuffling, wriggling, and nodding in time to the music. Even if the legs are at rest, the arms and shoulders are sure to be performing a dance of their own. And this will continue for hours, without pause or rest of any kind. Assuredly these people are true and earnest votaries of Terpsichore. Towards dusk the lords of the creation begin to appear upon the scene. Before that they have probably been playing fives,—of which game the Basques are very fond, and at which they are great proficient. Every little town has its tolerably good fives-court; and the only decently good game of hand-fives that I have seen played since I took part in one on the fives-court at Winchester was at Irun. When the gentlemen have arrived on the scene of action, the dancing, as may be imagined, is not less active and spirited than before; though, in truth, no stimulus of this kind has seemed to have been wanting to the ceaseless activity of the previous three hours. The dances, however, in which the men join have more of regularity and more attempt at figure and steps. Very many girls, however, and those for the most part the nicest looking, continue to dance by themselves. This seems to arise from the fact that all the men who dance are peasants. The men of the town belonging to the same class of society as the better sort of girls who dance on the "plaza" do not condescend to join in the amusement at all. Between nine and ten the ball was brought to a conclusion; and the musicians,—glad, it may be supposed, if nobody else in the town was, that the fête had at last come to an end—turned to move homewards. In a quarter of an hour afterwards the "plaza," so lately ringing with noise of all sorts, was tranquilly lying beneath the clear southern moonlight in perfect stillness.

A second day at Irun may be well and pleasantly employed in rambling over the many-storied sites in the neighbourhood, rendered memorable by the military achievements of various ages on this border land of two antipathetic nations. But of all these scenes and deeds too much has already been written to justify me in occupying valuable space by any attempt to redescribe them. I will content myself with strongly advising the traveller to ascend, as I did, the noted hill of St. Marcial. For I certainly felt, as I surveyed thence the course of the Bidasoa from the bridge of Behobia to the sea, and the adjoining coasts to the west and the heights to the north-east, that I never before rightly understood the nature of the successful operations of our troops here or of the amount of the difficulties to be contended against. Of this also the climbing of that hill convinced me—that however justly superior abilities, energy, and strategic skill may be claimed for our leader and officers, yet that they would not have obtained the same results with other troops,—or, in

other words, that the sinews, muscles, and volitions generated by Anglo-Saxon blood can do that which other races have not sufficient physical and spiritual strength to accomplish.

If, notwithstanding his Saxon qualifications, the traveller should feel averse to undertaking the ascent on foot in the face of a Spanish sun, he may ride to the top with perfect ease. For myself I was received at the summit in a manner that no little startled me. An old man, who lives in a little cottage attached to the chapel on the pinnacle of the rock, ran out as I surmounted the last crest of the hill, and, without uttering a word, stooped down and began feeling the calves of my legs and the sinews behind my knees. It seemed, he had been watching my somewhat brisk ascent from his aerial look-out with no small admiration. For presently, having concluded his examination to his satisfaction, he said, looking up, "Mucha forza! mucha forza!" and then pointing to his own bare, copper-coloured, and sinewy, though emaciated shanks, he added, with a sigh, "¡Viejo! ¡viejo!" I found afterwards that he could talk about as much French as Spanish, his own vernacular being Basque.

Even if it should cost him another day, the traveller should not quit Irun without visiting Fuenterrabía. It is not merely for the "magic of a name," or for the sake of hearing a "Fontarabian echo"—though many a stray one may be caught wandering among ruined walls and deserted houses,—but for the sake of seeing an unadulterated bit of Spain, which this decaying town most truly is, although the French village of Andaye stands looking at it from the opposite bank of the Bidasoa, not half a mile off. It is within an easy walk of Irun; but it is better fun, if you have a companion with you, to go there "en cacolas,"—a mode of locomotion peculiar to this corner of Basque land and used on both sides of the border. At Bayonne you may go to the little bathing-place, Biaritz, or any other such small excursion, "en cacoleto." A game at cacoleto, like one at cribbage, must be played by two—neither more nor less,—and is performed in this wise. On a horse, mule, or donkey is placed first a rude sort of pack-saddle; a pair of seats lashed together with ropes, which pass over the saddle, is then suspended on either side,—much like a pair of panniers,—in which the persons to be carried sit facing the horse's head. But as the whole adjustment depends on the equilibrium being maintained, and not at all on any girth, it is absolutely necessary, in the first place, that the partners in the venture, if not naturally of the same weight, should be rendered so by some contrivance or other. In the next place, it is equally essential that both should reach their seats at the same moment, and that no descent therefrom should be attempted by either singly or without having duly concerted the move with his consort. The consequence of the slightest neglect of these laws of the cacoleto may be easily foreseen. When they are duly observed, and a partner judiciously chosen, it is a lazy, sociable, agreeable sort of mode of locomotion enough. On the occasion of my ride to Fuenterrabía, it was my wife who occupied the opposite side of the see-saw; and paving-stone after paving-stone had to be slung beneath her seat by our grave and impassable guide before the needful equilibrium could be obtained. Once mounted, we progressed charmingly, though a little nervously when suspended over the side of a bridge or whiskered round a corner; till our cautious old steed, slowly clambering over the broken pavement of the steep street which leads up under the three successive gateways of Fuenterrabía's once formidable but now ruined fortifications, and carrying us decorously up the picturesque old street amid the grave salutations of the Fuenterrabians, landed us with happy simultaneousness on a favouring parapet wall beside the church.

The stranger needs no directions for seeing the sights of Fuenterrabía. He has only to look around him. And it is difficult to conceive anything much more strange to northern eyes, more characteristic and more picturesque withal, than the chaos of ruined gateways, walls, and towers, ivy-covered battlements, richly ornamented roofs projecting over dilapidated balconies, ruined mansions with nothing undecayed about them save the huge and magnificently carved scutcheons over their doorless entrances, which group themselves into all sorts of fantastic combinations around him,

with the blue waters of the Bay of Biscay for a background.

Leaving Irun the next day, we rode to a village called Renteria; and there got a boat which took us to the exquisitely picturesque little town of Passages, situated on the margin of its land-locked harbour. Let no one within reach of Passages (pronounce Passakhes) fail to visit it, or be induced to pass on to St. Sebastian by the assurance that he will see it perfectly well from the high road. He will see nothing of it! The road in truth passes along the shore of the bay, and the town may be seen across it. But those who content themselves with such seeing will have but little idea of the beauty near them. The town—containing many houses once of high pretension, and still marked as "casas solares" by magnificently carved scutcheons—is squeezed into a strip of land between the shore of the deep land-locked bay and the hill which rises precipitously behind it; a strip so narrow and so inaccessible as to ensure the streets, or rather the street of Passages, remaining as virgin of wheels as the Queen of the Adriatic herself. At some height above the roofs of the houses, the side of the hill which thus backs the town is clothed with a rich growth of beech and oak; among which lives in a fine old church that crowns the landscape a Madonna especially revered by sailors,—who always in Catholic countries seem to entertain a high idea of a saint whose dwelling commands a wide look-out over their element.

My waning space will not permit me to attempt a description of the beauties of Passages. The connoisseur in scenery will understand from the few words I have said that the elements of landscape must exist here in no common profusion. In truth, my recollections do not call to my mind a spot in any country where the natural beauties of water, wood, hill and rock are so happily and richly blended with the most picturesque creations of man. Old towers of fine rich yellow stone, grey forts, boats and shipping, tall balconied houses, long grey stairs zigzagging up the hill amid deep verdure, fishermen's nets hanging to dry on ivy and fern-grown quays, huge bay trees twisting their old stems between rocks and buildings and overshadowing both with their dark evergreen boughs,—these are among the dainties that Passages has to offer to the artist. One in love with his art would not get away from it in a month.

A boat across the bay and about two miles of road take you from Passages to St. Sebastian:—where the "Parador Isabel" is a good inn kept by kind people, who speak French. St. Sebastian is entirely a new town, and has little or nothing to interest the traveller. The walk round the hill on which the citadel is built commands a fine sea view:—and is rendered more interesting to Englishmen by the tombs of several British officers of the "Legion" which are situated at the back of the hill, within hearing of the surge that beats on the crags at its base.

T.A.T.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

THE following important and unpublished letter from General Wolfe to Colonel Isaac Barré, one of those to whom the authorship of the Letters of Junius has been attributed, was sold at Messrs. Sotheby & Wilkinson's, on Saturday last, for the insignificant sum of half-a-guinea. It is written on three sides of a sheet of thick gilt-edged letter paper. Wolfe's letters are of the utmost rarity.

Dear Barré,—You know in what manner the war is to be carried on this summer in America. It has pleased the King to send me with a Body of Troops up the River St. Lawrence: I beg'd such assistance as to me seem'd necessary—Lt.-Col. Carleton and Lt.-Col. Warde were ask'd, one to be Qr. Mr. General, the other to be Adjutant General, the former is given, the latter refus'd.—I also desir'd to have you as Major of Brigade and Secretary, wh. the Rank of Captain in the Army;—upon Col. Warde's refusal I named you for his intended office, wh. the Rank of Captain in the Army and of Major or Lt.-Colonel in America,—this has been consented to and I hope to have your utmost assistance, for the Publick and your own sake, and that I may prove myself no bad judge of merit.

Accelerate all matters where you are and particularly the relief of the Garrisons in the Bay of Fundy, from whence alone I should fear delays.

If Leslie is not with you—get somebody to freight a vessel wh. live stock of all kinds for my private use and yours; don't spare the expense; Bell shall be more particular with you upon this point. Settle matters in such a manner that by the time the first store is exhausted, we may hope to have a second whatever the distance may be

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The articles of Mollasses and Rum for the Troops are too material to be neglected; All the officers named by me for the River (and I don't know that any of them except yourself are particularly in the General's graces) must come to me—there are not many indeed upon the Continent, I will tell you that as in everything else have especial regard to Amherst.

I trust General Amherst will do his utmost to send some small supplies of fresh Provisions to us for the sick and wounded People and for the Officers.—You will collect all your sound and useful thoughts for this important business.—Your services shall not be concealed, it will do me honour, and it is most just to represent good actions and to reward them. Boscawen has spoke of you in the handsomest manner,—he has declin'd this service in a fit of ill-humour, and if I mistake not, heartily repents.

Think of everything that may be of use. Fare ye well.

Your faithful and obedient servant,
JAM. WOLFE.

London, 10th Janr. 1759.

PS.—Hiring with you forms for Commissions and all the useful Papers you can lay your hands upon.

That Wolfe applied direct for the services of Barré is a new circumstance in the life of a person of whom so little is known; and that he had at first asked for him as his Secretary is confirmatory of the received opinion that Wolfe's famous Quebec despatch, about the "choice of difficulties" was mainly, if not altogether, the composition of Barré. Wolfe was an indifferent letter-writer, but Barré—witness his letter to Pitt and the opinion of his contemporaries—was both a good writer and a good speaker.

In a miscellaneous sale at Messrs. Puttick & Simpson's, on the Thursday of last week, twenty-two letters from George III. to Bishop Hurd (Warburton's Bishop Hurd) were sold at prices averaging something like two guineas a-piece. In one of this interesting series of royal epistles, the King acquaints the Bishop that he had translated him from the see of Lichfield and Coventry to that of Worcester,—and at the same time holds out a promise, or something like it, of his ultimate removal to Canterbury.

In a letter from Windsor, of the 30th of November, 1803, the following passage occurs:—
We are here in daily expectation that Buonaparte will attempt his threatened invasion, the chances against his success seem so many that it is wonderful he persists in it. I own I place that thorough dependence on the protection of Divine Providence that I cannot help thinking the Emperor is encouraged to make the trial that the ill-success may put an end to his wicked purposes. Should his troops effect a landing, I shall certainly put myself at the head of mine and my other armed subjects to resist them. But as it is impossible to foresee the events of such conflict, should the enemy approach too near to Windsor, I shall think it right the Queen and my daughters should cross the Severn, and shall send to your Episcopal Palace at Worcester; by this hint I do not in the least mean they shall have any inconvenience to you, and shall send a proper servant and furniture for their accommodation. Should this arise I certainly would rather have what I value most in life remain, during the conflict, in your diocese, and under your roof, than in any other place in the island.

Some interesting letters in the handwriting of William the Fourth, addressed to C. R. Broughton, Esq., were sold at the same sale,—and were bought, it is said, for the Queen Dowager. The Duke of Kent's letters, forty in number, and addressed to the same Mr. Broughton, were bought by Prince Albert. The Luttrell collection of ballads and broadsides, elegies and eulogies, of the time of Charles II. and James II. was sold last week at Messrs. Sotheby & Wilkinson's for 60*l.*, to Mr. Pickering. This most curious collection deserved to have found a place in the Library of the British Museum; and if Mr. Panizzi has let the opportunity escape him, he will be blamed. Many of these ballads and broadsides are unique; and all are valuable from the remarkable manner in which they illustrate generally and incidentally the history of the manners and customs of the English people, the people's literature, and the lives of many persons of whom too little is known. During our own cursory glance at this collection we observed an important and hitherto unquoted poem on the death of Charles Hart the actor—fixing the particular day on which he died, and the characters in which he was most celebrated,—the very rare and curious elegy on Nell Gwynn's mother,—the poem on the death of Clun the actor,—the praise of Wadloe's Tavern behind the Exchange,—and a rich series of illustrations of the Popish Plot. The day of publication and the cost price are frequently affixed to each in Mr. Luttrell's own handwriting,—and this adds materially to the value of the collection.

Dr. William Jenner has been appointed Professor of Pathological Anatomy.—and Dr. W. B. Carpenter Professor of Medical Jurisprudence.—at University College.

Ac correspondent signing himself "Another F.S.A.,"

who writes to us on the subject of the Society of Antiquaries, in support of the views of "An Old F.S.A.," promulgated in the *Athenæum* some weeks since [*ante*, p. 769], says, among other things:—

"The advocates for the progress and extension of the Society should be reminded,—and the President, Lord Mahon, who is probably altogether ignorant of the fact, should be informed,—that there is a large debt due from the Government or the public to the Society, the payment of which might now very properly be demanded. I allude to the return to be made to the Antiquaries for the remarkable pictures by Holbein, 'The Embarkation of Henry the Eighth' and 'The Field of the Cloth of Gold,' formerly in their possession but conceded by them to George the Fourth (they are now at Hampton Court) on conditions the fulfilment of which has never yet been insisted on. George the Fourth is understood to have proposed giving in lieu of them an annual gold medal for the best contribution to antiquarian knowledge. But as circumstances at the present time render such a gift a matter not altogether to be desired, while the Society is greatly in want of additional room for the exhibition of its museum, and as the room in which the Fellows are permitted by courtesy to sip their hebdomadal coffee would just supply the desired space, surely it would not be too much to ask that it should be appropriated to that purpose, and that other accommodation should be found for those by whom it is now only occasionally occupied. If," adds our correspondent, "the Government when making this just concession to the Society of Antiquaries should, in accordance with the spirit of the times, stipulate in return for the free admission of the public on certain days to view the museum, I am sure there is no right-minded Fellow of the Society who would not gladly support the President and Council in giving full effect to an arrangement calculated to promote so efficiently the objects for which the Society of Antiquaries was originally incorporated."

The English and American delegations to the Peace Congress about to assemble at Paris will, we understand, leave the London Bridge Station, in company, by a special train on Tuesday morning the 21st inst., at 8 o'clock.

Although the introduction of abstract reasoning into physiology is not new, we refer with pleasure to two lectures of Prof. Goodsir, of Edinburgh,—newspaper reports of which we have received,—in order to show the important practical results that are likely to follow in this much-contemned course of study.

Prof. Goodsir first referred to Prof. Moseley's paper, in the 'Philosophical Transactions,' on the curves assumed by the shells of molluscous animals, which he found to be developed in accordance with well-known mathematical laws. He then referred to the complete success which had attended Prof. Owen's labours, in answering the great question.—What is the abstract plan of an animal or type of its kind? He concluded the lectures by referring with approbation to the labours of Mr. R. D. Hay, of Edinburgh, who had constructed a series of empirical geometrical formulæ for the general plan and position of the organs of the human body. Without committing himself to the theories of Mr. Hay, which singularly enough are based upon a supposed musical scale in nature, Prof. Goodsir stated that he had tested the structure of Mr. Hay's figures, "and found that they gave all the parts with perfect accuracy."

Different scales were given for the male and female figures, and the whole came out not only as approaching to correctness, but *beautifully* correct. The lecturer added, that "the artist who drew as Mr. Hay directed, would produce a figure infinitely more correct than any he could produce by the mere eye or by a prolonged study of figures." The Professor went into details, some of which are very remarkable, in support of his conclusions:—and we now allude to the subject for the purpose of inviting further attention to a matter which seems to us to promise very important results both for Art and for anatomical science.

It is stated in a letter from St. Petersburg, that Lady Franklin having addressed a memorial to the Emperor of Russia in which she stated that there is some possibility that the Expedition which sailed four years ago from England for the discovery of the north-west passage, under the command of her hus-

band Sir John Franklin, has been thrown on the coast of Siberia or that of Nova Zembla,—His Imperial Majesty has resolved to fit out an Expedition to make a strict search on those distant shores. For this purpose the Imperial Academy of Science at St. Petersburg has, it is said, been consulted as to the course which it would be expedient to adopt.—Accounts from the Sandwich Islands dated the 20th of May announce that Her Majesty's Ships Pandora and Herald, instructed to search in the Northern Pacific for the lost navigators, were anchored at those islands.

If we are to believe the *Maidstone Journal*, the great deep has, to some extent, given up another of its long kept secrets:—and there are tidings at length of other voyagers who sailed years ago, and have never reached any shore. This partial revelation, supposing there to be any truth in the asserted fact of its having been made, tells really nothing which the world had not long since accepted as certain; but any positive trace of the lost is a relief to that feverish anguish,—and to the fever surviving the anguish—which mourns over an uncertain doom. The paragraph has an apocryphal air:—but we give it as we find it in the paper in question.—"On Saturday, July 21, a bottle was washed on shore at Queenborough, Kent. It contained a slip of paper, evidently torn off a serial publication, written with lead pencil, and related to that ill-fated steam-ship, the President. It stated that the immediate destruction of the vessel and passengers was inevitable."

The French papers state that the Government of that country has accorded to our countryman Mr. Jacob Brett the authorization to establish on the coast of France a submarine electric telegraph between Calais and Boulogne, which, crossing the Channel, will go to Dover on the coast of England. Mr. Brett is to have a privilege for ten years in case the experiment should succeed:—of which he has, in the mean time, to pay the expenses. The works must be terminated by September 1, 1850, at the latest.

The *Siècle* says that overtures have been made to the English Government for the establishment with France of a convention relative to patents, by which when patents should be taken out with certain formalities, they would be available in both countries.

The French papers give the following particulars, received from Senegal, of certain results of French exploration in Africa.—"An expedition attempted by Capt. Boüet on the Grand Bassam River has produced results which would appear fabulous had they not acquired a great degree of authenticity from the very source whence they emanated. On the 4th of March last, says a letter from thence, M. Boüet, then commanding the *Serpent*, succeeded in crossing the bar of the river, which has acquired such an evil reputation. The dangers of the exploring expedition were terrible. Of four officers, Capt. Auguste Boüet lost three; the fourth, with the surgeon and a few white seamen whom he succeeded in saving, returned to France in a condition truly deplorable. M. Boüet himself was attacked by illness no less than three times; but his energy was not in the slightest degree subdued by sickness. He has discovered two magnificent lakes, where palm-oil is so abundant that the ship had not vessels enough to hold it. Now, according to the dealers themselves, palm-oil gives a profit of 80 per cent., whilst gold yields only 50 or 60. The adjoining villages are said to overflow with produce of all sorts. Capt. Boüet has, however, visited unknown regions, established relations, and asserted the power of France in the midst of a country the very centre of the gold trade,—the only commerce hitherto carried on at Grand Bassam. He has discovered what all skillful geographers already suspected,—that the Grand Bassam is a confluent of the Niger. It being the dry season, the want of water prevented its exploration; but in the rainy season there are six feet of water, and the river may be ascended as far as the cataracts of Abouesson, fifty leagues distant. At that place the traveller is within sixty leagues of Segou, and the course of the Niger is still continued. Thus, the anticipations of Capt. Boüet are confirmed, and every day adduces fresh proofs of their correctness. When the steamer *Guettander* proceeds to Grand Bassam, that vessel, which only draws two feet of water, will entirely solve the problem. Thus, a well-armed and well-supplied vessel will penetrate to the interior of the

country; traversing a district of which Capt. Bouët has seen a part himself, and which is the *entrepôt* and the passage for the caravans of the gold and silk merchants, and where the gallant Captain discovered, and inhabited for two days, a city more ancient and more important than Timbuctoo."

We are glad to see that the example recently set by the literary men of Belgium is already beginning to communicate its wholesome infection. The Committee of the Society of Men of Letters in Paris has had a meeting to take the matter of the Belgian initiative and the subject in general under consideration; and has appointed a commission to put itself into communication with the Society of Inventors—who are banded for the defence of Inventions against piracy—and in conjunction with them to make a careful inquiry into the whole subject.

The *Brussels Herald* mentions a curious form which has been given to the expression of the hatred felt just now in Italy towards all that is French, as a consequence of the expedition of that people against Rome. An association of publishers is, it is said, in progress of formation in Italy for the reproduction of the best works which may hereafter appear in France, in order to prevent throughout the former country the sale of the French editions. This is part of a general plan for the exclusion of all French productions; and, it is added, has already recruited numerous supporters in Upper Italy.

BRITISH INSTITUTION, PAUL MALL.

Closing of the Exhibition.

The GALLERY, with a Collection of PICTURES by ANCIENT MASTERS and deceased BRITISH ARTISTS, including the TOWN COLLECTION of the EARL OF YARBOROUGH, is OPEN daily from Ten to Six, and WILL CLOSE on SATURDAY, September 1st.—Admission, 1s.; Catalogue, 1s.

GEORGE NICOL, Secretary.

ETTY GALLERY, NOW OPEN, at the SOCIETY of ARTS, John Street, Adelphi. WILL CLOSE on SATURDAY, the 25th instant.—Admission, 1s.

THE NILE.—NOW OPEN. Afternoons at Three. Evenings at Seven o'clock, at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, a new and splendid MOVING PANORAMA of the NILE, exhibiting the whole of the stupendous Works of Antiquity now remaining on its banks, between CAIRO, the capital of EGYPT, and the Second Cataract in NUBIA. Painted by Henry Warren, James Fahey, and Joseph Bonomi, from Studies by the latter, made during a residence of many years in Egypt.—Stalls, 2s.; Pit, 2s.; Gallery, 1s.

DIORAMA. REGENT'S PARK.—New Exhibition, representing the VALLEY of ROSENLAU, Bernese Oberland, with the effects of a Storm in the Alps; and the INTERIOR of the CHURCH of SANTA CROCE, at FLORENCE, with all the gradations of Light and Shade, from Noonday to Midnight.—N.B. The Grand Machine Organ, by Gray and Davison, will perform in both Pictures. Open from Ten till six.

VALLEY OF CASHMERE.—JUST OPENED, at Bedford's PANORAMA ROYAL, LIVERPOOL SQUARE, a magnificent VIEW of the lovely VALLEY of CASHMERE, justly termed an earthly paradise, with its lakes, floating gardens, and enchanting scenery; including also Portraits of Runjeet Singh, and other celebrated characters. The Views of Switzerland, from the Rhodé Killo, and of Pompeii, the City of the Dead, are also now open. Admission: 1s. each view, or 2s. 6d. to the three. Schools, Half-price.

ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—First Series of DISSOLVING VIEWS illustrating ROME, with a Description embracing the most interesting points connected with the subject. Daily at Half-past Four, and every Evening at a Quarter to Ten o'clock.—LECTURES on CHEMISTRY, by Mr. J. N. Ashley, daily, at Half-past Three, and on the Evenings of Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at Nine o'clock. LECTURE, by Dr. Bachoffner, on MASTERS' PATENT PROCESS OF FREEZING DESSERT ICES, &c.—THE OXY-HYDROGEN MICROSCOPE Daily at One o'clock, and every Evening at Eight.—DIVER and DIVING BELL.—Admission, 1s. Schools, Half-price.

SOCIETIES

HORTICULTURAL, July 17.—E. Brande, Esq. in the chair.—J. Brown, Esq., was elected a Fellow.—Sir J. J. Guest, Bart., showed four Queen Pine-apples, well grown fruit, whose weights were as follows: 4 lb. 5 oz., 4 lb. 8 oz., 4 lb. 9 oz., and 4 lb. 12 oz. For these a silver Banksian medal was awarded.—Dr. Lindley then delivered his concluding lecture on the Diseases of Plants, the nature of vegetable affections, their causes, whether constitutional or local, and the remedies that experience had pointed out, or that reason suggested. The nature and mode of action of the mildew plants, by which so much injury is committed, was also explained by drawings and diagrams.

Aug. 7.—J. R. Gowen, Esq., Secretary, in the chair. Mr. More, Apothecaries' Garden, Chelsea, contributed *Pumpbago Larpentei*, a plant which has excited interest in consequence of its not having fulfilled the expectations which had been formed of it. It was suggested that as it was discovered growing on the walls of Shanghai, whose winters are more severe than ours, it might be found to succeed better planted out of doors on the shelves of rock-work, or

in some well drained and necessarily rather warm situation, where it would receive some shelter. Its beautiful blue flowers, if they could only be had in abundance, and all in perfection at the same time, render it worthy of some exertion on the part of the cultivator to discover the best mode of managing it.—Messrs. Veitch produced plants of a new Peruvian *Oxalis* named *elegans*, a pretty species even grown in the greenhouse; but far prettier from the open ground,—from which Messrs. Veitch also sent cut flowers and leaves. The latter were more than three times larger than those on the plants from the greenhouse, and the flowers were also larger and better coloured. It received a certificate of merit.—From Mr. Henderson came a plant of *Pentstemon cordifolius*, a new Californian, brownish orange-flowered shrub, about which in its present state little can be said; for it has not yet been in this country sufficiently long to test its true character.—Eighteen fine-looking fruit of his hybrid Egyptian green-fleshed Melon were exhibited by Mr. Monro. The average weight of these was about 5 lb., but one weighed 9 lb. 3½ oz. It was stated that twenty-eight fruit had been cut from under five lights; they had been produced in a brick pit, with the remains of dung and leaves, which formed a hotbed for early potatoes. On one of the fruit being cut, it proved not to be first-rate in flavour. A Banksian Medal was awarded.—From the garden came a fine specimen of the red-flowered *Zauschneria Californica*, a plant which everybody should possess,—for, should it not prove hardy, as is expected, it will at least make a handsome greenhouse plant;—and finally, a small plant of *Minulus tricolor*, a species with pretty flowers,—but having a delicate constitution, and difficult to cultivate. It may, however, prove a useful agent in the hands of the skilful hybridizer.

SCIENTIFIC GOSSIP.—In the report of the labours of the Astronomers for 1847-8, presented to the Academy of Sciences of St. Petersburg, it is stated in the words of M. O. Struve that the existence of the supplementary satellite of Uranus appears put beyond a doubt:—and he says, "fortunately Uranus is elevated each year more and more above the equator; and I hope that, if the other satellites suspected by Herschel really exist they will not long escape the eyes of astronomers."

M. P. H. Boutigny, whose beautiful experiments on the spheroidal condition of water created so much interest at the meeting of the British Association at Cambridge, has lately been pressing his researches on heat in a somewhat novel direction. He has now proved that metals in a melted state have in a remarkable manner the repulsive force of incandescent surfaces, and that the tricks of fire-eaters and conjurers belong to a high class of physical facts. He says "I have made the following experiments.—I divided or cut with my hand a jet of melted metal of five centimetres, which escaped by the tap. I immediately plunged the other hand into a pot filled with incandescent metal which was truly fearful to look at. I involuntary shuddered, but both hands came out of the ordeal victorious. . . . I shall of course be asked," he continues, "what are the precautions necessary to prevent the disorganizing action of the incandescent mass?—I answer none. Have no fear—make the experiment with confidence—pass the hand rapidly, but not too rapidly, in the metal in full fusion. The experiment succeeds perfectly when the skin is moist, and the dread usually felt at facing masses of fire supplies the necessary moisture; but by taking some precaution we may become truly invulnerable. The following succeeds best with me: I rub my hands with soap, so as to give them a polished surface; then, at the instant of trying the experiment, I dip my hands into a cold solution of sal-ammoniac saturated with sulphurous acid." The experiment has been tried by Boutigny with melted lead, bronze and cast iron.

The experiment of M. Du Bois Reymond on the development of electricity by the voluntary contraction of the muscles has been much discussed on the Continent. MM. Despretz, Becquerel and Matteucci have not been successful in producing the effects which were stated to have been obtained by M. Reymond, and attested by M. de Humboldt. M. de Humboldt has addressed a second letter to M. Arago, stating that at a new *séance* in the cabinet of M. Émile Du Bois Reymond the effects produced by

M. Mitscherlich were most unequivocal and fully established the truth of this new fact. "Occupied myself," concludes Humboldt, "for more than half a century in this class of physiological researches, the discovery which I have announced has for me a vital interest. It is a phenomenon of life rendered sensible by a physical instrument."

Some curious investigations have been for some time carried on in the Gut of Gibraltar by M. Couvent-des-Bois. He has proved as a certainty the existence of a superficial current flowing from the ocean into the Mediterranean, and of a deep under-current flowing from the Mediterranean into the ocean. He has also ascertained that between these two currents there exists a bed of water which is in perfect repose.

M. Leverrier deserves the thanks of men of science for boldly pointing out, as he has done, the great number of typographical errors which exist in the authorized edition of the complete works of Laplace, notwithstanding the surveillance of the commission appointed by the Academy of Sciences. The Commissioners, MM. Binet and Poinsoi, have sought to justify the case; but the result of a prolonged discussion has been to prove the correctness of the statement made by M. Leverrier;—and a copious *Errata* is to be appended to the end of the last volume.

For some time past Prof. Barlow has been engaged in investigating the phenomena connected with the passage of natural currents of electricity along the wires of the electrical telegraphs. M. Baumgartner has also been inquiring into this subject:—his investigations having been principally directed to the line of wires from Vienna and Graz to Semmering. He proves that the needle rarely returns to its true zero:—it is always subject to more or less deviation from the atmospheric current. The deviations are of two kinds:—one producing a deflexion of often 50°, the other varying from half a degree to 8°. The first are much less frequent; and they vary in direction and intensity in such a way that the law by which they are guided cannot be yet detected. The other, on the contrary, appears to obey a simple law: during the day it is from Vienna to the stations to the south of that city, and during the night in a contrary direction. The change in the direction appears to be accomplished after the rising and after the setting of the sun. When the air is dry and the sky serene the regularity of the current is very decided:—it is not so uniform in cold and wet weather. M. de la Rive also has observed facts which completely accord with those of M. Baumgartner.

FINE ARTS

THE NEW COAL EXCHANGE.

WE have been admitted to view the interior of this edifice in Lower Thames Street, built after the designs of Mr. J. B. Bunning—which is now on the eve of completion. This interior, built chiefly of iron, and decorated by Mr. Frederick Sang, has been made a record of everything that appertains to the trade for the transaction of whose affairs the edifice has been erected. In the coving of its iron roof are shown representations of the various species of fern and palms and other plants which are found fossilized amid the peat that forms coal,—so important an article in our trade, and constituting so large a portion of the northern district of our island. Sections, again, of these and of other coniferous plants indigenous to a tropical climate are everywhere diffused; so that the botanist may meet at every turn with some variety of these almost inexhaustible tribes. Views are given of most of the principal collieries and mouths of the shafts, with the contrivances for consuming the gas collected there. Portraits of men who have rendered service to the trade are given:—individually, for instance, who have become celebrated by their modes of ventilation or of working the pits. All the various tackle and implements, from the digging and blasting instruments to the daws, the baskets, the rollers, &c., have been made to enter into combinations for the ornamentation of the room. In short, all that tends to illustrate the history of the trade, from the first digging of the article to its landing for consumption in our river, has found a record in the building—even to the vessels and craft in which it is

transported. A careful inspection of the general design of the whole is no less amusing than instructive. At a glance, and independently of any personal exertion, it makes us acquainted with one of the most important branches of our commerce, which is said to form first to last to afford occupation to nearly three million souls. Out of the great mass of material that has been thus thrown into the decorator's hands, for the exercise of his fancy, it must be said that he has exhibited much ingenuity in his selections and combinations. Whether economy may have had a share in a less favourable result, we know not; but certain it is, that we miss in the execution that precision, neatness of finish, and refinement, the examples of which are so abundant in Munich and various places where the taste for arabesque and other rich decorations is revived, and where they have been successful in imitating the exactitude seen in the works of Giovanni da Udine and his school and many others we could name. The Bibliothèque at Munich is a good example of this care and attention. Mr. Sang's effects are bold and striking—calculated more for a coup d'œil than for minute inspection.—The floor, a very clever specimen of *marqueterie*, must not be overlooked. The design—the compass with its several points, composed of woods of different colours, principally oak, relieved by walnut and ebony—is at once appropriate and a good evidence of the skill and capacity of our native workmen. With the design of the building itself we cannot be so well content; much fantasy having been displayed in the endeavour to employ details which, though satisfactory in a sister art, accord but little with the dignity of architecture. The chief entrance, with its tower—which has been adapted at the same time to the purpose of a staircase—is as an approach to the offices of the coal factors and agents a clever contrivance: enhanced in value by its utility in a locality where every inch of ground is “as good as gold.”

EXHIBITION OF THE PICTURES SELECTED BY THE PRIZEHOLDERS OF THE ART-UNION OF LONDON.

Experience has proved the errors in the government of an establishment which properly managed might have led to valuable results. Nearly 124,000*l.* which has been collected during the thirteen years of its existence, and diffused over the various branches of the profession, has been productive of no marked benefit to Art. Scarcely any one work can be said to have been produced under the auspices of the management which is characteristic of either English taste or English talents. The prints have been for the most part indifferently selected,—that is to say, the pictures were of subjects not well calculated to disseminate Art-knowledge; and the technical skill displayed by the engraver has been contravened by the mechanical agency employed to multiply the result. The several series of outlines, having so great a reference to modern Teutonic example, have lost nationality. The lithographs were of moderate pretension. The commissioned picture of the Society was a mistake, undertaken in spite of the advice and remonstrance of the profession. The statuettes are the only productions likely to be received hereafter as healthy evidences of the existence of the Society.

That the popularity of the scheme is on the wane may be inferred from the scanty furnishing of rooms and walls which on Saturday last provoked unfavourable comparison with that of former years. The Exhibition is a falling off from its predecessors as well in the quality as in the number of the works. There are, however, in the historic and poetic classes two or three pictures which have done much during the past season for the credit of our native school. For instance, Mr. Lucy's picture of *Mrs. Claypole admonishing her father, Cromwell* (3), is one of the principal prizes. Though lower in the scale of interest, we were glad once more to encounter Mr. Hurlstone's *Waiting for a Contingent Reversion* (36)—and his *Preparing for the Festa* (43). Mr. Danby's *Mountain Chieftain's Funeral* (19) is also here. These are all selections of a safe and judicious character. There are also—Mr. Lear's clever version of *Shylock refusing thrice the amount of his Bond* (8).—Mr. Noble's illustration from Pepys's “Diary” where his wife puts on her French sac for the first time (11).—Mr. T. F. Marshall's *Orphans of the Village* (23), and his other picture

Age and Infancy (68).—Mr. Mac Ian's clever picture *Soldiers' Wives waiting the result of a Battle* (42).—*The Young Culprits* (54), by Mr. W. Gill. —Mr. J. J. Jenkins's *Holy Well, Brittany* (55). —Mr. J. C. Hook's *Bianca Capello* (64). —Miss J. Macleod's *Interior of a Fisherman's Cottage* (70). —Mr. T. F. Marshall's very pretty study (71) entitled *The Valentine*,—and the clever little water-colour drawing of *Elizabeth at Trefne* (19), by Mr. W. Lee. —These are the best figure subjects.

The landscapes are for the most part of the ordinary and common-place character. At their head stands *The River Scene, North Wales* (63), by Mr. F. R. Lee. Then, there are—*A Bye-lane on the Hills, North Wales* (5), by Mr. S. R. Percy. —*Capel Curig* (6), by F. Turner. —*On the Lake of Orta* (9), by Mr. G. E. Hering. —Mr. Cobbett's *Ruin of a Monastery near Bologna* (10). —and Mr. Tennant's *River Scene, Thunder Clouds Gathering* (14). —*Eel Buck, on the Thames, Cleve, Oxon* (11), by Mr. J. L. Wood, and Mr. W. A. Brunning's *Fishing-boat putting about for her Rudder off Elizabeth Castle, Jersey*—*Morning* (18), are two very good specimens. There is much excellence in Mr. J. Wilson's *High Trees Farm, Red Hill, near Reigate, Winter* (20),—and in Mr. C. Bentley's *Harwich from the Stour* (22). Mr. H. J. Boddington's *Going to Market* (26) is one of the ordinary run of the landscape tribe. Mr. Montague's *Scene at Pangbourne* (28) has great truth; and Mrs. P. Phillips's *Rath House at Coblenz* (30) is not without its merits. Mr. A. Provis's subject of *John Aubrey, the Antiquary* (32), has also been chosen; as well as Mr. G. A. Williams's *Dogelly, North Wales, Showery Weather* (33). By Mr. W. Williams, there are—*A Loch Scene on the Newton Marshes, Dartmoor Hills in the Distance* (35)—and *A View near Brighton, Keymer and Ditchling Churches in the Distance* (37). Mr. E. Gill's *River Scene, Mild Winter, Evening* (41), betrays its author's admiration of the elder Danby. Mr. H. J. Boddington's *Shady Stream, North Wales* (44), and Mr. T. Danby's *View of the Cragfaudd Mountains, in the same District* (47)—especially the latter—are well-deserving of attention. Mr. F. W. Hulme's *Willow Stream that turns a Mill* (49). —Mr. J. Stark's *Forest Village* (59). —Mr. W. A. Brunning's *Peep under Westminster Bridge* (69). —Mr. S. Prout's water-colour drawings of an *Interior at Dieppe* (75), and *Desecrated Chapel of St. Jacques, Orleans* (79). —Mr. Copley Fielding's *View from the Moors above Tainmill* (76). —Mr. A. Penley's *Twilight* (78). —Mr. J. L. Rowbotham's *Fall of the Machno and Pandey Mill, North Wales* (80). —Mr. H. Gastineau's *Voyage, on the Road from Grenoble to the Grand Chartreuse* (84). —Mr. J. H. Mole's *Musset Gatherers* (87). —and Mr. C. Bentley's *St. Michael's Mount, Normandy* (38)—are the remaining specimens in this department deserving of mention.

In animal nature, there is Mr. J. F. Herring's *Domestic Ducks after Nature* (71):—and in still life Mr. G. Rosenberg's water-colour drawing of fruit, entitled *Autumn* (85).

Mr. Webster's two admirable little pictures *The Smile and The Frown*, from Goldsmith's “Deserted Village,” are in an adjoining room; together with Mr. Macleise's highly poetical outline illustrations of “The Seven Ages,”—and two bas-reliefs, Mr. J. Hancock's *Christ entering Jerusalem*, and Mr. H. H. Armstead's *Death of Boadicea*. The first three are to be engraved, and the last two cast, for distribution as prizes among the subscribers to the Art-Union.

FINE-ART GOSSIP.—If what is said be not a mere newspaper *ou dit*, we may now look forward to a great architectural improvement by a new Stamp Office being erected in Wellington Street, adjacent to Waterloo Bridge, so as to fill up the gap there, and shut out from sight what ever since the formation of the Bridge has been one of the worst eye-sores in the metropolis. When Somerset House was erected, the architect himself had no idea that the westside would be exposed to view as for a long series of years it has been,—disgracing by its shabbiness the approach to the finest of our metropolitan bridges, and contradicting the grandeur aimed at by his own river front and its terrace. With that front it is intended, we presume, that the new range of building shall accord—at least that it shall be so far in keeping with it as to produce sufficient unity of *ensemble*: whereas King's

College cuts but a poor figure by the side of Chambers' work. Plans for the new Stamp Office have, it is said, been proposed and sent in; but curiosity as to who is to be the architect is not gratified by the mention of any name.

The inhabitants of Sherborne in Dorsetshire (the Sherborne of Sir Walter Raleigh and Alexander Pope) are busy restoring, we were glad to observe the other day, their beautiful parish church:—to our tastes, after St. Mary Redcliffe, one of the most exquisite parish churches in England. It was high time, indeed, that something should be done. The rich stone vaulting of the choir is full of fissures; the pier arches of the transepts and nave were pewed up and concealed as no parish church was ever pewed up before—or will, we trust, be again. The thick coats of the vilest washes, yellow and white, were plastered over every part of the building; and the richest carvings were choked with periodical repetitions from the plasterer's pail. A finer opportunity for an architect has seldom been afforded; and the inhabitants of Sherborne will have some difficulty in recognizing their church—its proportions alone excepted—after Mr. Carpenter shall have done his part. Pope praises Lord Digby for his noble gift to the church of one of the largest and ugliest altar-pieces we ever saw. This of course will go. The blocked-up windows—of which there are too many—will be filled with fresh tracery; a new north light will be added, we trust, to the north transept; and the old font (of good work and character) will replace the tureen-looking thing which has too long been an eye-sore to the church. But Pope's epitaph, or epitaphs, on Lord Digby's son and daughter, though cut on a most unsightly monument, will, we hope, be spared when the Digby chapel is in hand. Thirty thousand pounds are, it is said, wanted, and only five thousand pounds have been subscribed; but the work (thanks to Mr. Robert Willmott, one of the churchwardens) is rapidly advancing. The pews are torn down, and the inhabitants are allowed to see what they never saw before—the exquisite proportions and tracery of their church. We trust that Lord Digby, who has drawn two thousand a-year for fifty years from Sherborne Church, will not, with his immense wealth and want of heirs, suffer the goodly work of restoration to be long in hand.—If Mr. Willmott would only erect a small mural monument to mark the grave of Sir Thomas Wyatt the poet, he would receive the thanks of many pilgrims who leave the church unconscious that one of our early poets is buried within its walls. The monumental quatrefoil which Mr. Pugin has recently erected in Salisbury Cathedral might form a model for the monument, we suggest. Perhaps Mr. Willmott will consult Mr. Carpenter on the subject. The cost would not be great.

The *Wills and Gloucestershire Standard* mentions that some tessellated pavement of very beautiful workmanship has been accidentally uncovered in Dyer Street, Cirencester. It consists of a series of circles and half-circles, of about four feet in diameter each, with the colours, red, black and white, very fresh. In the inner circle are three dogs—one larger and two smaller in full stretch after something, but the game they are following is gone. In the half circle is a winged dragon about to swallow a dolphin. The borders of the circles are composed of the stones worked into the shape of two convoluted ropes, with a Grecian border round the outside. In the space between the circles is the grotesque face of a man, with a pendant in the lower lip of an orange colour; and in the next circle, or half-circle, for it is but partially uncovered, there is a smaller face, but as yet only one half of it is visible, but from the mildness and comparative placidity of the eyes it is presumed to be the representation of a female.—On proceeding higher up the street, another piece of tessella was found, of coarser workmanship, and which appears to have been used as ante-room to a bath, perhaps,—as the pipes are presumed to have been conveyers of water or of hot air to some hypocaust near the spot. The designs are worked together in classical taste, with scrolls and knots of various descriptions. “We believe,” adds the *Standard*, “that it is the intention of the Commissioners to have it got up in as entire a state as possible, and to consign it to the Museum here.” It

is supposed to have been the site of an important villa, as the same design extends some distance.

The *Cologne Gazette* announces that the directors of the Thorwaldsen Museum at Copenhagen will sell, on the 1st of October, a portion of the works left by the sculptor:—consisting in part of duplicates in their possession, and partly of objects of great value appointed to be so disposed of by Thorwaldsen's will.

A curious work has been undertaken by the artists of Paris—and the result, we should think, will be a curious Art medley. Our readers will remember that we mentioned some weeks since a fire which had taken place in the Bazaar Bonne-Nouvelle, in which building the Association of Painters had just arranged their works for exhibition:—by which fire the two dioramic pictures of M. Bouton were destroyed. The works of the artist-painters escaped:—and the labour which they are now announced to have undertaken would seem to be in the nature of a votive offering. In the gallery so spared all the members of their body who have any name in Art are about to work in combination, under the direction of M. Léon Coignet, on a gigantic picture representing the Burning of the Bazaar. That this piece of Mosaic may be a complete autograph of Parisian Art, the body of sculptors have insisted on contributing to the record. Each chisel of eminence is to be employed on the frame in which the picture is to be inclosed.—It may be doubted if this new form of Socialism, or Communism, would have occurred to the artists of any other nation than France.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

By way of clearing off the arrears of what may be called *minor music* accumulated during the last weeks of this busy season, we shall on the present occasion notice a few among the many vocal compositions that lie before us. The residue thereof is, and most sufficiently, leniently characterized by—silence.

La Veneziana. Barcarole.—*Susanna, a Sacred Song,* written by E. Fitzball, Esq. By Henri Panofka.—M. Panofka is known as a writer on music in foreign journals. We believe, too, that he is a violin-player of skill,—and on both grounds we were more than ordinarily curious to test his merits as a composer. But the publications before us are so little satisfactory that we must wait for further evidence of his powers. In the one or two points where his *Barcarole* is individual it is inelegant, and not Venetian. The second song is a composition of greater pretension. But, well-a-day for its stainless heroine!—we are here treated, not to the Scriptural, but to a *Surrey-Theatre* *Susanna*. It is to be earnestly desired that Mr. Fitzball will keep his hands off the Bible in future rhymed efforts. The story and situation were summed by Handel in that superb song, 'If guiltless blood,'—the text of which, though commonplace enough, is as poetry colossal if measured against such 'lengths' as the following:—

Mine innocence thou'lt prove
When I shall calmly sleep,
And hearts which 'gainst me move,
Will tears of anguish weep.

It is a distinction (after its kind) to have penned lines by the side of which Dr. Morell's insipidities acquire elevation and colour. Nor is reproach wasted, at a moment like the present so full of suspense to English composers and to English singers. What was recently said of the translations of *libretti* applies more emphatically to the composition of songs. Who could find inspiration in rubbish like the lines above cited? At all events, not M. Panofka; but if his *Sacred Song* is "dry as remainder biscuit," the fault may be in part Mr. Fitzball's.

Six Vocal Quartetts, the Poetry by Tennyson, the Music by W. Amps.—We are disposed to esteem the purpose of any man who in these days writes vocal quartetts; still more, if, like Mr. Amps, he attempts the style classical as contradistinguished to the style flimsy, to which our cousins-German are too largely addicted when composing part-songs for unaccompanied voices. But the essays of Mr. Amps have not any great merit beyond such as is indicated in their form. Nor has he shown a wise discrimination in the verses which he has selected for his setting. Many of

Tennyson's lyrics are amenable to the same style of remark as was offered with regard to Shelley's when we treated Mr. Macfarren's clever song: howsoever euphonious in themselves, they do not always kindly lend themselves to musical treatment.—Mr. William Jackson of Masham has set that delicious strain (and new in its forms, to boot) *Tears, idle Tears*—from 'The Princess,' better than it has been hitherto done into music: his *Canzonet* is a very expressive one.

Bishop Kenn's Morning, Evening and Midnight Hymns, by Joseph Garnett, are so many compositions too many. The Hymns have already been mated with sound canonically; certain familiar tunes as associated with the familiar words rising to the mind in too intimate an union for the two to be put asunder in favour of any new comers, save the latter be first-rate. Who could accept another 'Adeste fideles,' were it even better than the well-known 'Portuguese Hymn?' Mr. Garnett's tunes have neither grandeur enough to take the ear by storm, nor such science as engages the attention of the curious:—they must, therefore, be contented with a limited circulation.

Mr. Benedict's *O do not scorn my love*—a Song of the North Sea has been already praised by us, as being Mr. Benedict's best song: nor is this small praise, when we collect some half-dozen specimens from his hand, which are already beyond the date and above the ephemeral limit of ballad popularity. It is published in the serviceable key of F, so as to suit the voice of the average singer. Here, too, is his *Winter Mirth*, a duett for two *soprani*, with some novelty in its forms, and much grace in its fashion.

One other paragraph will enable us to close our accounts for the present. Mr. George Hogarth has set an air to Allan Cunningham's stirring lyric, *A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea*, somewhat in the style of Dibdin.—Signor Pergetti's *Il Mattino* is a flimsy *Canzone Alla Polacca*—such a composition as might be

Pricked from the lazy finger of a maid, in place of its being issued as the production of a master.—Miss Macirone's *Serenade*, sung by Herr Pischek, makes it evident that she has carefully studied the redoubtable German singer's predilections; though on the present occasion she hardly shows herself as able, as she has wished, to meet them felicitously.

That the poets and romancers of Moses and Morison are beginning to turn their hands to recommendations of the tuneful art is too evident. What can be more tempting than such a provocation as the following advertisement?—

The Sunshine of the Heart.—All true lovers of that rare treasure, "a good English ballad," cannot fail to derive the greatest pleasure from a trial of this "effective" composition, which is calculated to display the finest qualities of the voice without straining it. It will be forwarded immediately (post free) to all parts of the United Kingdom on receipt of 18 postage stamps (uncut). Direct to—&c. &c. &c.

What manner of voice is to be displayed, without being strained, "nobody knows!" and "the Sunshine of the Heart," therefore, goes forth with the humble pretensions of "a song of all work."

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—The usages of *Her Majesty's Theatre* considered, 'Le Nozze di Figaro' is very strongly cast. Let us first speak of the Ladies who take part in it,—precedence, according to theatrical custom, being claimed by the *Susanna*. Giulio Clovio, Pettit and Oliver were artists, though they wrought in a more trinketty fashion than Giulio Romano or Poussin or Sir Joshua,—and though their handiworks would have made a poor show if commanded to fill large spaces and to attract many eyes at once. Thus, also, is Madame Sontag an artist. Hers is enamel painting in music; a style of art applicable to subjects in which grace is more largely developed than passion, and in which general treatment will suffice in place of individual character. These qualifications make us regret that, in place of *Susanna*, she did not play *The Countess* in 'Figaro,'—a task beneath no fine actress capable of recollecting that the *ci-devant Rosina* could grow into no "tame, submissive wife," but that she must by training no less than by nature be "match for match" even with a *Count Almaviva*! It is useless, however, to waste words on what seems unattainable. Whether as *soubrette* or as Spaniard, Madame Sontag is a shade or two over-refined: yet she is,

nevertheless, the best *Susanna* whom we have seen in London:—heartier, less busy and less prudish than Mdle. Lind, and more highly-finished than Madame Grisi:—in Mozart's music more thoroughly at home than either lady. Not a phrase is slighted; while the baldness and heaviness are avoided which the moderns (the Swedish *Susanna* not excepted) mistake for classicality.—Mdle. Parodi looks (and sings, we suppose,) her best, but her *Countess* is flat and heavy.—Mdle. Albani, disdaining the transposed keys to which she had recourse at Covent Garden, gives the music of *Cherubino* as it was originally written. But the violence done to her voice by forcing it upward is unmistakably telling upon its tones:—those above D are not pleasant in quality, nor is any note of the entire register as rich or as certain as it was two years ago.—Signor Beletti sings the music of *Figaro* in good style.—Signor Lablache's delivery of 'La Vendetta' is admirable,—and Signor Bartolini justifies our good hope of him as *Basilio*. He ought "to turn out" well, if the head on his shoulders bears any proportion to the treasure in his chest. It is a pity, in short, that, with so many good principal artists, this opera was not more carefully rehearsed and produced at an earlier period of the season. As a whole it goes imperfectly,—but passages of it give real (not bespoken) pleasure to the audiences assembled on the "extra nights."

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.—The Directors of the Philharmonic Society elected for next season are Messrs. Anderson, Calkin, Chatterton, Griebach, Lucas, M-Murdie, and Neate. We shall be glad to hear that these gentlemen are about to adopt some measures not so much to sustain as to spread the interest and increase the value of their concerts. For now is the time to remind them that the orchestra stands in need of improvement, and the repertory of extension,—and that the engagement of *solo* players and singers, both British and foreign, has been this year chargeable with most injudicious favoritism. They have ample leisure, if they will, to put all these matters on a more liberal footing ere they open their doors in 1850.

The oldest inhabitant of London will not soon come to an end of its oddities. "After the 12th of August there is *nobody* in town!" "The English love neither pleasure nor music!" Such hard truths would be propounded to most foreigners as old established realities. Yet, in the face of a character like this comes out the concert given at Drury Lane on Wednesday last, the 15th, for the benefit of Mr. Harris, the stage-manager of the *Royal Italian Opera*—at which the *Royal Italian Opera* singers well nigh sang all their music twice over, in presence of a very large and riotously-enthusiastic audience. Mdle. Angri—who, by the way, throughout her task exchanged smiles and warnings with the meagre and bewildered phantom of an orchestra in a whimsically unembarrassed and confidential manner—was twice *encored*. Miss Hayes—whom we hereby warn off the *sprigged* version of 'Casta diva' in which she delights,—was called upon to repeat 'Kathleen Mavourneen.' Mdle. de Meric, in spite of the "wanderings" of the band, delivered 'Voi che sapete' in a style so distinguished as to get her *encore* too. It is long since we have been so favourably impressed by promise as in the case of this very young Lady; who ought to become the greatest *contralto* of her day. Then, Madame Viardot's comicalities in the duett from 'La Prova' would, we verily believe, have held the audience till this moment of printing could her spirits have held out,—to say nothing of her Spanish songs, of which the public seemed as if it could "never have enow." The last Lady advances in favour nightly, with every prospect of an increase to her popularity. There are few contemporary appearances in any art so interesting as her career. Further, Madame Dorus-Gras sang very brilliantly; Madame Grisi and Signor Tamburini lent their aid also. On such an entertainment as this the inhabitants of a provincial town would have feasted for a year in the more moderate times of our fathers! The audience, both in its nature, number, and freshness of enjoyment, the date and locality considered, was, we repeat, an oddity to those who have pattern notions of "England and the English."

have seen M. Maretzky, two years ago chorus-master under Mr. Lumley and M. Jullien—who last autumn established himself in New York,—is now the Director of the Italian Opera at the Astor Place Theatre in that city; and with a view of giving to the Americans the best attainable entertainment, has recently arrived in London in the hope, it is said, of securing some of the "Nightingales" and smaller singing birds to hybernate on the other side of the Atlantic. The only first-class singer at present in America is Madame Laborde; and she, it will be collected, is a *chanteuse de roulades* rather than a great operatic artist. Madame Bishop (not a first-class singer) is in Mexico; and the Signora Tedesco, whose maltreatment at La Scala was one of the most painful scenes ever witnessed by us, figures in the journals as "a wandering star" under the consoling appellation of "the beautiful Tedesco." The rest of the travelling vocalists, who make a goodly row in the American papers, are

nought but leather and prunella, the Poet hath it. For the moment, so far as we can prophesy from this distance, the Americans seem to be in a fever rather to emulate European fashions in Music than to naturalize the art. Though a crisis in appearance somewhat analogous passed over England under the reign of the Fools of Quality whom Addison satirized—and to whom more than one genius born for mastery succumbed—yet, let it be recollected that these epidemical follies were at the beginning of Music's progress in our island, but merely a passing plague,—and as such unable utterly to destroy a vitality the generation of which had been contemporary with the birth of Music in other countries. During its worst and most brilliant "lunes" England has been always able to attract and retain the great composers; to give out as well as to receive—life and influence. We had the best—may we not say the *whole*?—of Handel,—Haydn composed his grandest symphonies for England, and was quickened by his visit to London to write his masterpiece "The Creation,"—Beethoven looked to England's Philharmonic Society when German sympathy failed him.—Weber preferred Covent Garden to his own Court Theatre at Dresden when his last opera was in projection,—Mendelssohn's "Elijah" was finished for Birmingham! All these things could not have been—and were not done—on the brute argument of money alone. Something of sympathy and intelligence must have gone—and did go—to the charm: and since sympathy comes only of intelligence, we should be glad to see the Americans laying sound foundations of their own—in place of being so hasty in their attempt to translate the opera-houses of Europe into the midst of their cities. This may meet the eye of some of our Transatlantic friends who take interest in Art not as art, but as a pursuit and an influence. Let such recollect that they who

Plant the olive for a race unborn
are greater benefactors to their native land than those who fill it with tawdry productions which exhaust the soil yet themselves have but a short date of flourishing. In these days of enterprise and with California at its beck America is sure to receive many of Europe's best artists at no very distant period;—but we should be glad to hear of a larger amount of unambitious preliminary training, which draws power and strength out of the visit of each new guest,—by providing his listeners with due appreciation and respect.

It is said in the *Gazette Musicale*, that M. Henselt, the only great contemporary pianist having a manner of his own in composition with whom we are now unacquainted, is about to come forth from St. Petersburg, where he has been stationary during many years, for the purpose of making a Concert tour. This is a welcome piece of news.

The "profession" in Paris has lost a useful member in M. Manera,—a violinist "of credit and renown." It is intended to open Sadler's Wells Theatre on the 25th inst. The tragedy of 'Antony and Cleopatra' is in rehearsal, and will, if possible, inaugurate the season. The part of Antony will be undertaken by Mr. Phelps,—that of Cleopatra has been confided to Miss Glyn. It is now sixteen years since the last revival of this drama,—which Coleridge has declared to be "the most wonderful" of Shakspeare's works;—it is perhaps the most difficult for modern stage

purposes,—both from the nature of its subject and from the identity of its treatment.

MISCELLANEA

The Queen's Colleges.—The following is a list of the Professors who have just received their appointments in the new colleges:—

BELFAST.—*The Greek Language.*—Rev. F. H. Ringwood, formerly Scholar of Trinity College, Dublin, Senior Moderator in Classics and Ethics at the degree examination in 1837, formerly Professor of Greek in the University of Dublin, editor of 'A Selection from the Remains of Theocritus, Hion, and Moschus.' *The Latin Language.*—C. Macdonall, formerly Professor Elect of Oriental Languages in the University of Edinburgh; author of an 'Inaugural Lecture on the Study of the Oriental Languages,' and of a critical Essay on a work of Albertus Van Hengel. *History and English Literature.*—G. L. Craik, L.L.D., editor and one of the principal writers of the 'Pictorial History of England,' author of the 'Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties,' 'The New Zealanders,' 'Sketches of the History of Learning and Literature in England,' 'Spenser and his Poetry,' 'Bacon, his Writings and Philosophy,' 'The Romance of the Peerage,' and other works. *Logic and Metaphysics.*—R. Blakey, A.M., author of an 'Essay on Logic,' 'A History of the Philosophy of Mind,' and other works. *Mathematics.*—W. P. Wilson, B.A., Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge; Senior Wrangler and Senior Smith's prizeman at the degree examination in 1847. *Natural Philosophy.*—J. Stovely, L.L.D. M.R.I.A., Science gold medalist of Trinity College, Dublin; late Professor of Natural Philosophy in the Royal Belfast Institution; author of *Original Scientific Memoirs in the Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy.* *Chemistry.*—T. Andrews, M.D. F.R.S. M.R.I.A., vice-president of Queen's College, Belfast. *Anatomy and Physiology.*—A. Carte, M.D., Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons in Ireland, late Demonstrator of Anatomy in Trinity College and Conservator of the Museum in the College of Surgeons in Ireland. *Natural History.*—G. Dickie, M.D., lecturer on Zoology and Botany in the University and King's College of Aberdeen; author of numerous contributions to botanical science, published in various scientific periodicals. *Modern Languages.*—M. T. Frings, Ph.D., formerly Professor of the French Language and Literature in the Grauen Kloster, and Frederick Wilhelm Gymnasium at Berlin; author of a Grammar of the French Language for the use of Germans, and other educational works. *Mineralogy and Geology.*—F. McCoy, author of a work on the fossils of carboniferous limestone of Ireland, and on the Irish Silurian system. *Jurisprudence and Political Economy.*—W. N. Hancock, L.L.D., Barrister-at-Law, Archbishop Whately's Professor of Political Economy in the University of Dublin, and author of various lectures and essays on Political Economy. *English Law.*—E. Moynce, Barrister-at-Law, Professor of Equity to the Dublin Law Institute. *Civil Engineering.*—J. Goldwin, C.E., engineer to the Ulster, the Belfast and County Down, and other railway companies. *Agriculture.*—J. F. Hodges, M.D., late Professor of Chemistry to the Royal Belfast Institution. *The Irish Language.*—J. O'Donovan, M.R.I.A., author of an Irish Grammar, and editor of various works published by the Archaeological Society. *Practice of Medicine.*—J. C. Ferguson, M.D., late Professor of the Theory and Practice of Medicine to the King and Queen's College of Physicians, Physician in ordinary to Sir P. Dunn's Hospital. *Practice of Surgery.*—A. Gordon, M.D., late Professor of Surgery in the Royal Belfast Institution. *Maternal Medicine.*—T. O'Meara, M.D., formerly University Medical Scholar, University of London. *Midwifery.*—W. Burden, M.D.

COKE.—*The Greek Language.*—J. Ryall, L.L.D. Vice-President of the Queen's College, Cork. *The Latin Language.*—B. Lewis, M.A., Fellow of the University of London. *History and English Literature.*—Rev. C. Darley, A.M. *Logic and Metaphysics.*—G. S. Read, M.A., Fellow of St. Mary Hall, Oxford. *Mathematics.*—G. Boole, author of numerous memoirs on mathematical subjects published in the 'Cambridge Mathematical Journal.' *Natural Philosophy.*—G. F. Shaw, A.M., Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin. *Chemistry.*—J. Blyth, M.D., late Professor of Chemistry in the Royal Agricultural College, Cirencester. *Anatomy and Physiology.*—H. Carille, M.D. *Natural History.*—W. Hinks, L.L.D., formerly Professor in the Manchester College, York. *Modern Languages.*—R. de Vêrécour, formerly Professor in the University of Paris; author of 'Milton et la Poésie Epique,' 'Rapport sur les Instituts de Fellenberg,' a work 'On Modern French Literature,' translation of Guizot's 'Civilization of Europe.' *Mineralogy and Geology.*—J. Nicol, Secretary to the Geological Society of London, author of 'Prize Essays on the Geology of Peebles-shire and Roxburghshire,' of a 'History of Iceland, Greenland, and the Feroe Islands, with an Account of their Natural History,' a 'Treatise on Mineralogy,' and other works. *Jurisprudence and Political Economy.*—R. H. Mills, A.B. late Professor of Political Economy in the Glasgow Commercial College. *English Law.*—F. A. Walsh, Barrister-at-Law. *Civil Engineering.*—C. B. Lanyon, A.B. Fellow of the Royal Institute of Civil Engineers of London, late Resident Engineer to the Birmingham and Oxford Railway. *Agriculture.*—E. Murphy, B.A., editor of the 'Agricultural and Industrial Journal.' *The Irish Language.*—O. Connellan, translator of 'The Annals of the Four Masters,' and author of an Irish Grammar. *Practice of Medicine.*—D. C. O'Connor, M.D. *Surgery.*—D. B. Bullen, M.D., one of the Surgeons to the North Infirmary, Cork. *Maternal Medicine.*—A. Fleming, M.D. *Midwifery.*—J. A. Harvey, M.D.

GALWAY.—*The Greek Language.*—W. E. Hearn, scholar of Trin. Coll. Dub. *The Latin Language.*—W. Nesbitt, formerly scholar of Trin. Coll. Dub. *History and English Literature.*—E. Borwick, Vice-President of the Queen's College, Galway. *Logic and Metaphysics.*—T. W. Moffett, Head Master of the

Classical Department of the Royal Academical Institution, Belfast. *Mathematics.*—M. Roberts, Fellow and Tutor of Trin. Coll. Dub., author of 'Mathematical Memoirs communicated to the Academy of Science of Paris.' *Natural Philosophy.*—J. Mulcahy, A.B. of the University of Dublin; obtained the gold medal in 1829. *Chemistry.*—E. Ronalds, M.D. Lecturer on Chemistry in the Middlesex Hospital, editor of 'Knapp's Applied Chemistry,' and of the 'Journal of the Chemical Society.' *Anatomy and Physiology.*—C. King, M.D. M.R.I.A., Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons, Ireland, Professor of Anatomy to the Royal Dublin Society. *Natural History.*—A. G. Melville, M.D. formerly Demonstrator of Anatomy to the University of Edinburgh. *Modern Languages.*—A. Bensbach, graduate in medicine of the University of Heidelberg, author of 'A Sketch of German Literature,' &c. *Mineralogy and Geology.*—W. King, late Curator of the Newcastle Museum, and lecturer on Geology. *Jurisprudence and Political Economy.*—D. C. Huron, Barrister-at-Law. *English Law.*—H. Law, Barrister-at-Law. *Civil Engineering.*—T. Deane, of St. Peter's College, Cambridge. *Agriculture.*—T. Skilling, formerly Agriculturist to the Board of Education, Principal and Manager of a School of Education at Ardry, near Galway. *Irish Language.*—C. Mahony. *Practice of Medicine.*—N. Colahan, M.D. *Surgery.*—J. V. Browne, M.D., Member of the College of Surgeons of Ireland, A.B. Trin. Coll. Dublin. *Maternal Medicine.*—S. M. Coy, M.D. Lecturer on the Theory and Practice of Surgery, and Examiner in Maternal Medicine in the Royal College of Surgeons. **LIST OF OFFICERS-BEARERS IN THE QUEEN'S COLLEGES.**—*Queen's College, Belfast.*—Registrar, W. T. C. Allen; Librarian, J. McAdam; Bursar, A. Dickey. *Queen's College, Cork.*—Registrar, F. Albani; Librarian, H. Hennessy; Bursar, F. Fitzgerald. *Queen's College, Galway.*—Registrar, B. O'Shaughnessy; Librarian, J. Hardman; Bursar, P. G. Fitzgerald.

The Legend of the Wrekin.—A correspondent offers the following as another version of the Shropshire legend of the origin of the Wrekin. The Devil, one hot day, was carrying a shovelful of earth towards the Severn, with the intention of stopping it up. On his way he met a cobbler with a bundle of old shoes on his back. The Devil stopped to rest, and asked the cobbler how far it was to the river. The latter shrewdly guessing his motive for the inquiry, replied that it was a long way,—so long indeed, that he had worn out all those shoes in walking thither. Upon this, the Devil in despair threw down his load of earth, and scraped his dirty foot on the shovel. The shovelful forms the Wrekin,—and the dirt from the Devil's foot the little hill adjoining.

A Hard Name.—A fellow writing from somewhere out West says: "We started for some little town in the vicinity of Holstein. I would not undertake to spell or pronounce the name; but if you would take Kickapoo and Ojibbeway, mix them up with Passamaquoddy, and pronounce the whole backwards, you will get within about six miles of the name.—*American Paper.*"

A Nose Tax.—In the *Athenæum*, [No. 1135] there is a notice of the 'Leabhar na g-Cearta,' or Book of Rights, to which in a footnote on the passage "an ounce (of gold) for each nose," it is asked, "was that a payment calculated by a counting of noses?" &c. To this question a member of the Celtic Society hazards a solution in the subsequent number, founded on a passage in the 'Forus feasa avi Elirinn,' to this effect:—"The Danes (or properly the Lochmen) exacted an ounce of gold annually in Eire, and cut off the noses of all who did not pay the tax." The Celtic quotation of your correspondent is incomplete, as it expresses nothing about cutting off noses, and we must be content with the English version he has given us. Your critic's supposition that the tax was levied by a counting of noses is no doubt right,—and this seems to have been a mode of taxing of very remote antiquity. I have stumbled on a passage in the 'Ynglinga Saga,' at the close of c. VIII, which reads as follows:—"Un alla Svithild guldum Odni skatpenning fyrir nefverit"—"Throughout all Sweden Odin laid a tax (scutpenny) on every nose"—not on each head, as I find Laing has translated the passage. We also find in the Saga of Olaf the Holy that monarch demanding of the Icelanders a thane-geld, and nose tax of a penny for every nose, the penny at the rate of ten pennies to the yard of Wadmel. This was about the year 1026. J. K.

Cholera Prevention.—It is satisfactory to find that the deaths of 819 out of the 823 persons who died last week of cholera are certified. They were seen by qualified medical attendants. But it is to be feared that the advice was not obtained in time. The accounts of the sudden stoppage of the epidemic by prompt medical treatment and the house-to-house visitation are perhaps over coloured. But a mortality as high now as in 1832 should not take place; it may be prevented by improvements in the treatment, by arresting the premonitory symptoms, by still earlier attention to the general health. Medical men are called when people are dying; but it is then too late. If the families of the middle and higher classes were seen at intervals during the epidemic by their medical attendants, and a corps of medical officers employed by the guardians to visit the poor

